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MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

7th, May, 1980 EVERY THURSDAY

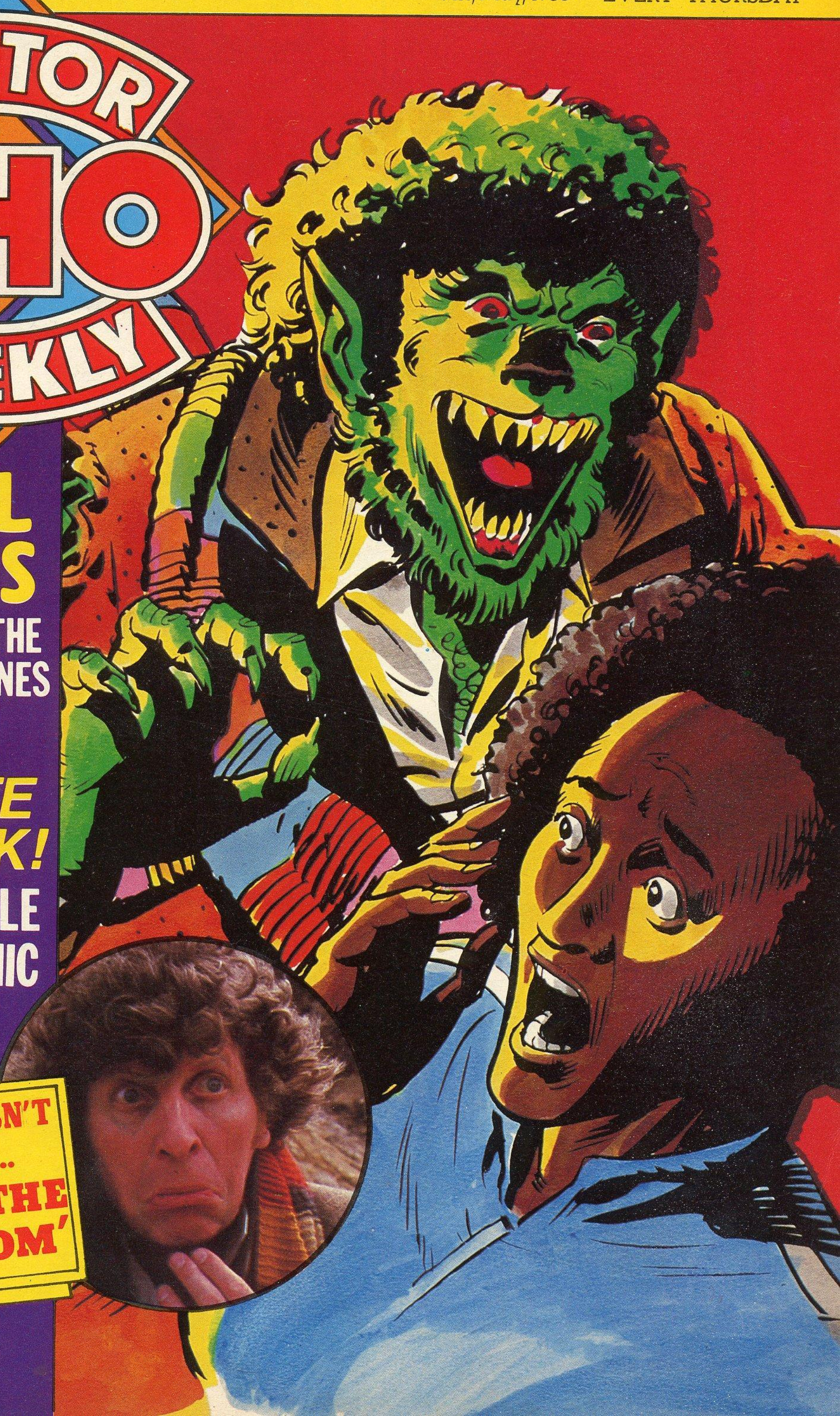
DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

SPECIAL EFFECTS

A LOOK BEHIND THE SPACED-OUT SCENES OF DR. WHO!

COMPLETE THIS WEEK!

FIRST TIME TALE IN A NEW COMIC STRIP SERIES

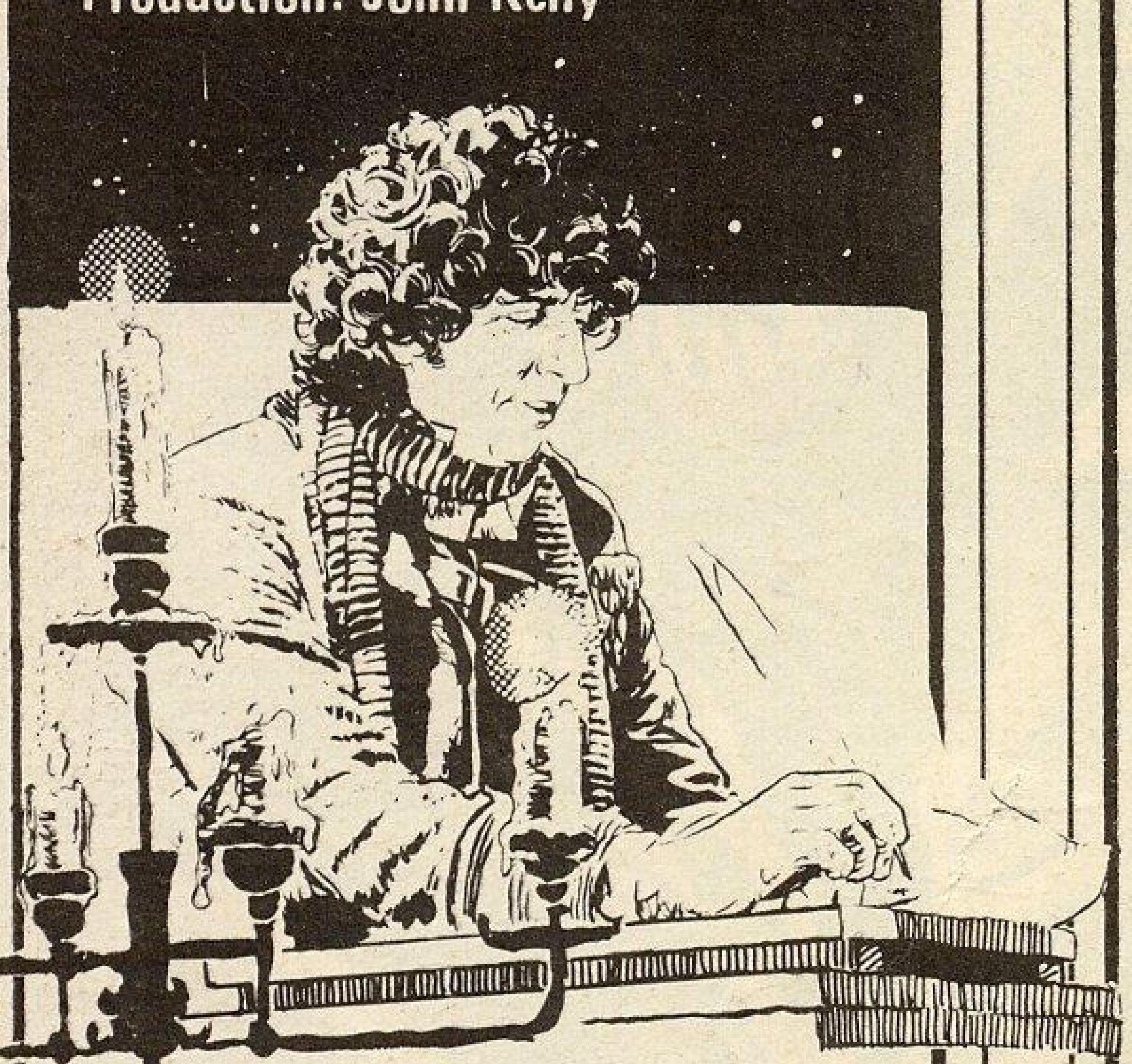


THE DOCTOR DOESN'T LOOK HIMSELF... *SEE WHY IN* 'THE DOGS OF DOOM'

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

NUMBER 30

Editor: Paul Neary
Associate Editor: Jenny O'Connor
Art Editor: Graham De Lacy
Features Editor: Alan McKenzie
Production: John Kelly



Here we are at the start of another great action-packed comic! I've been a little off-colour this week as you'll soon find out, but I've taken a little time off from a bitter struggle with a rather nasty dose of Werelok venom, to write and tell you what's in store for you!

This week we've a great, fact-filled feature on those wonderful, breath-taking special effects that you see on my television programme. A fascinating read . . . oh, but before I forget, there's one thing I really must ask you. Have you joined UNIT yet? The taskforce urgently needs your help in fighting alien forces that constantly threaten your little planet!

Happy times and places,

The Doctor

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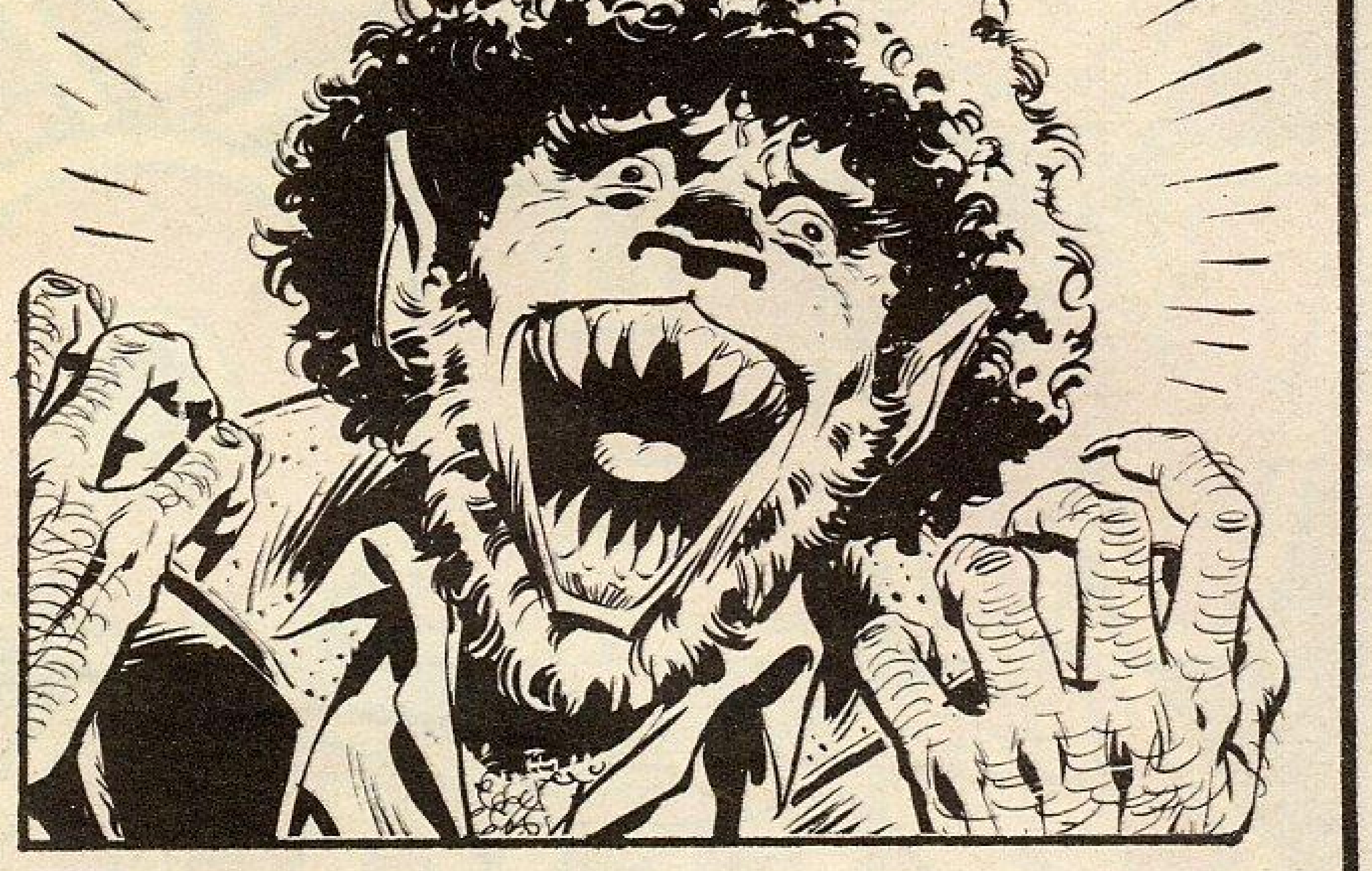

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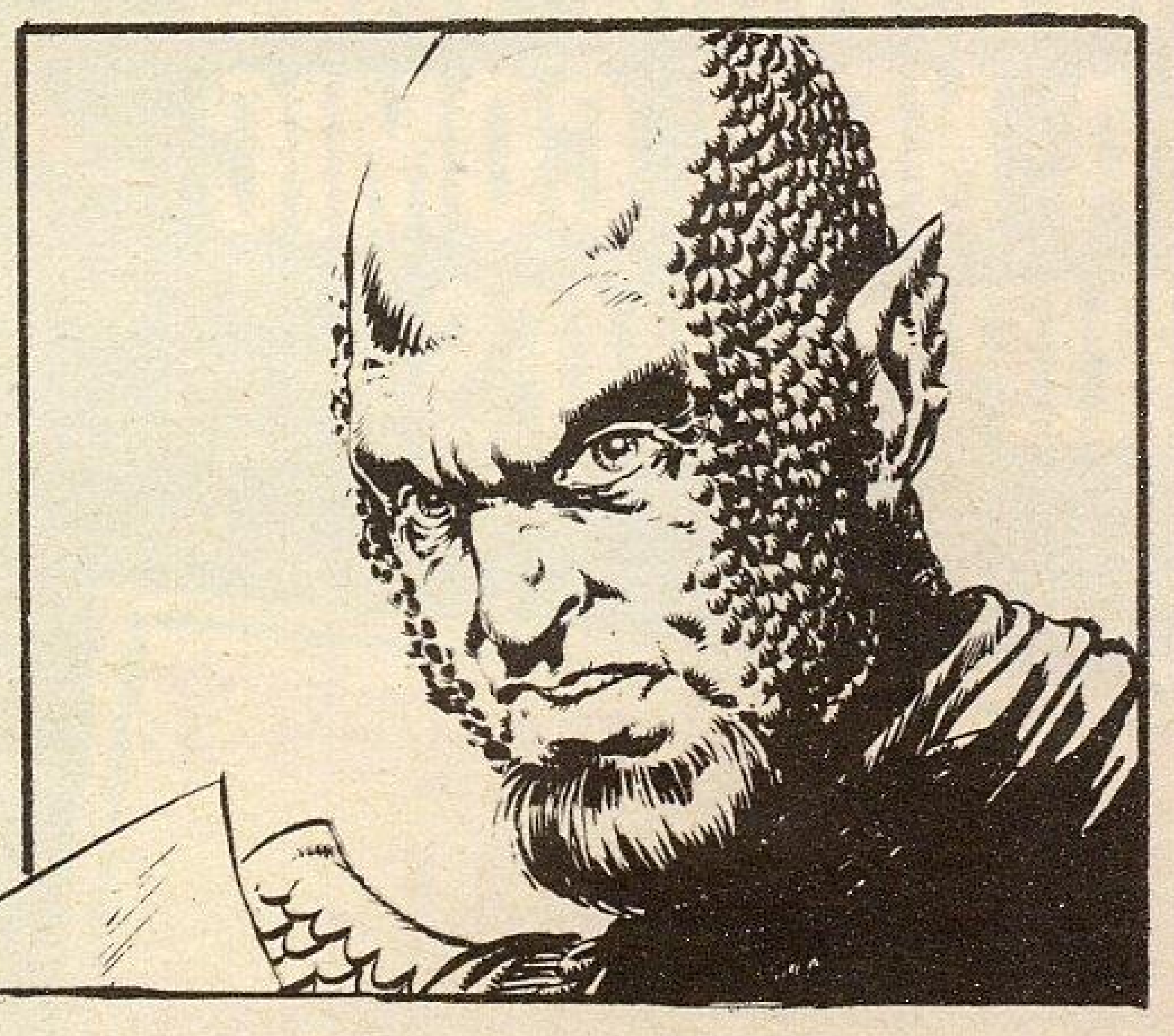

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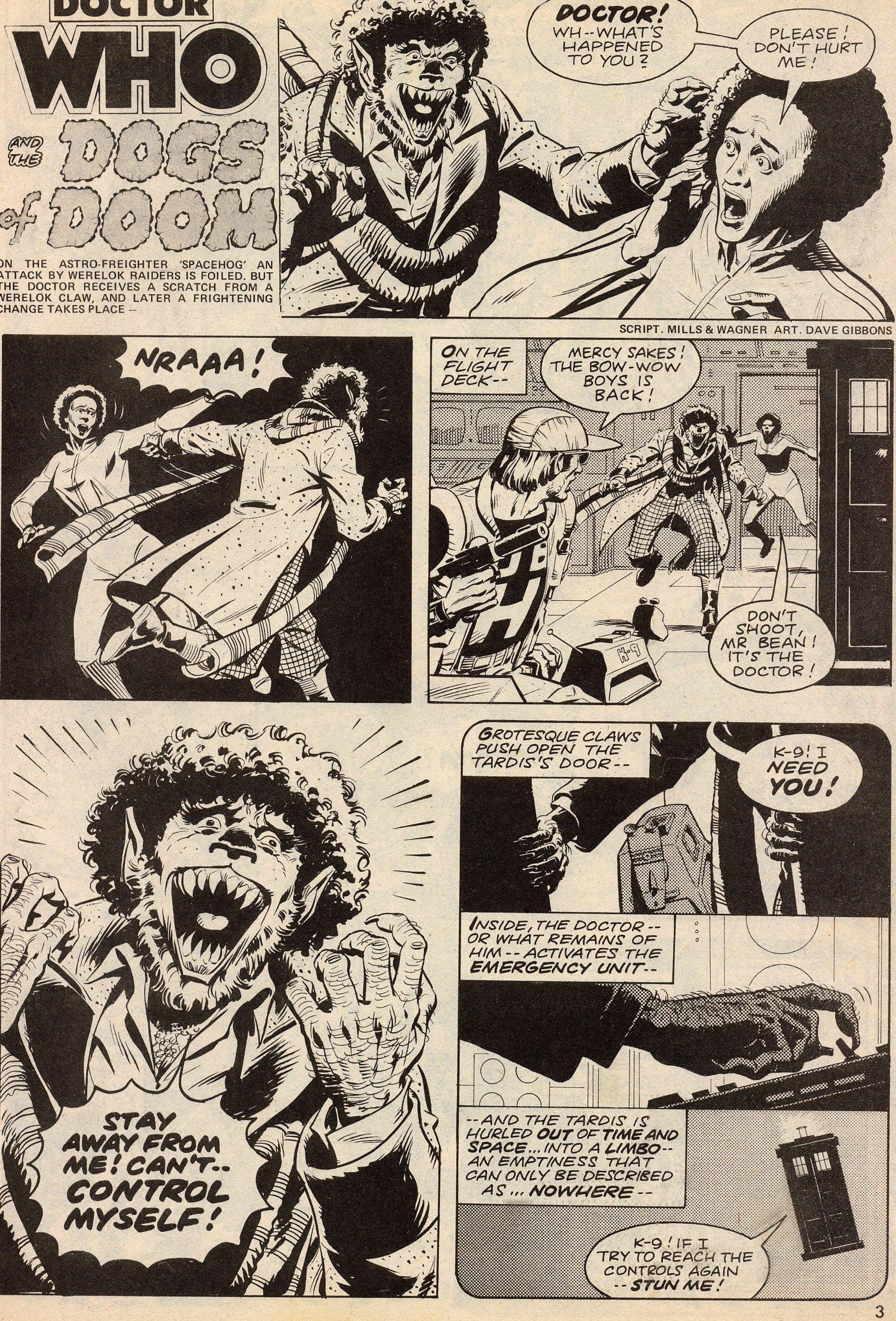
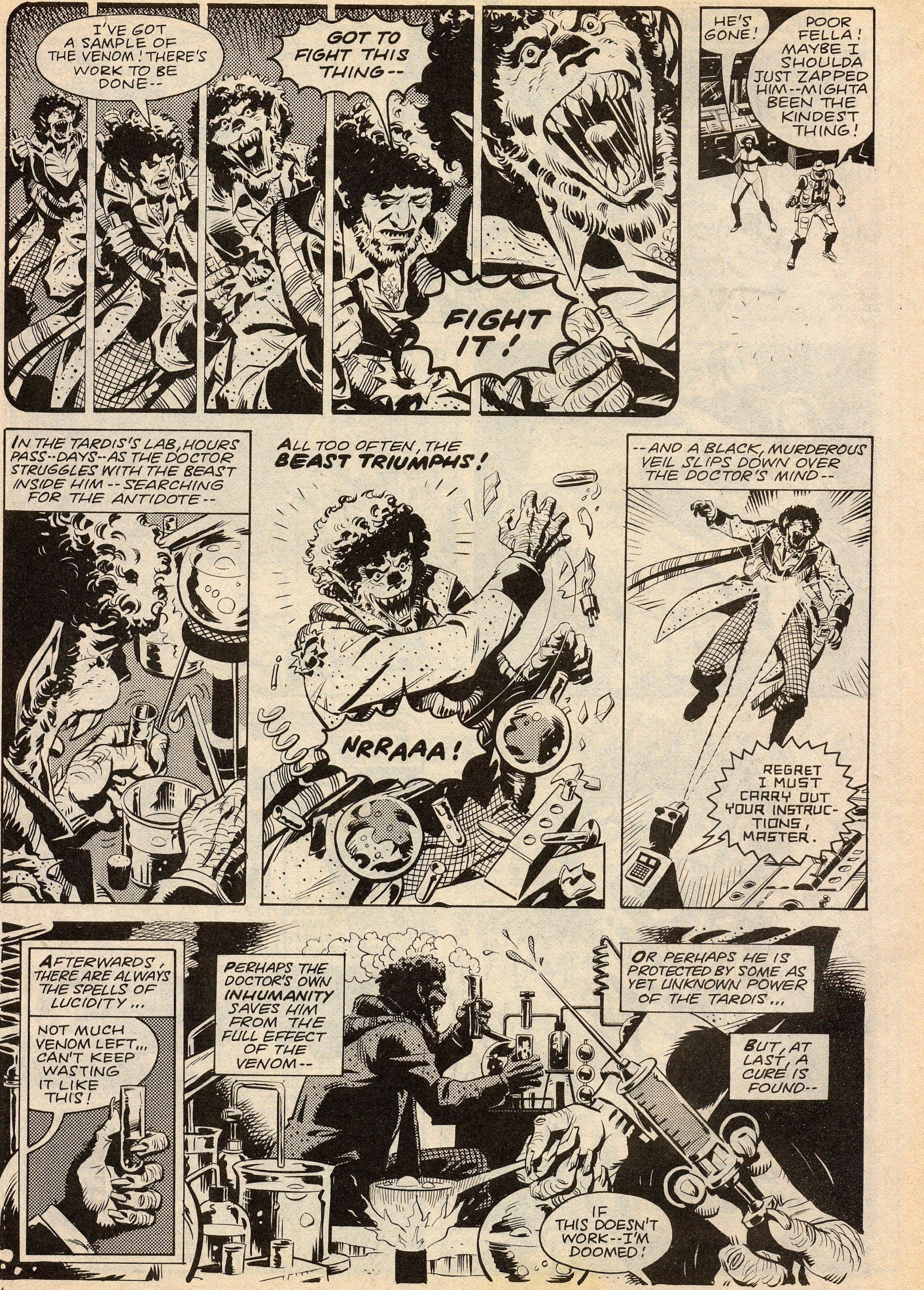
Another HaCsA Scan by Gothman

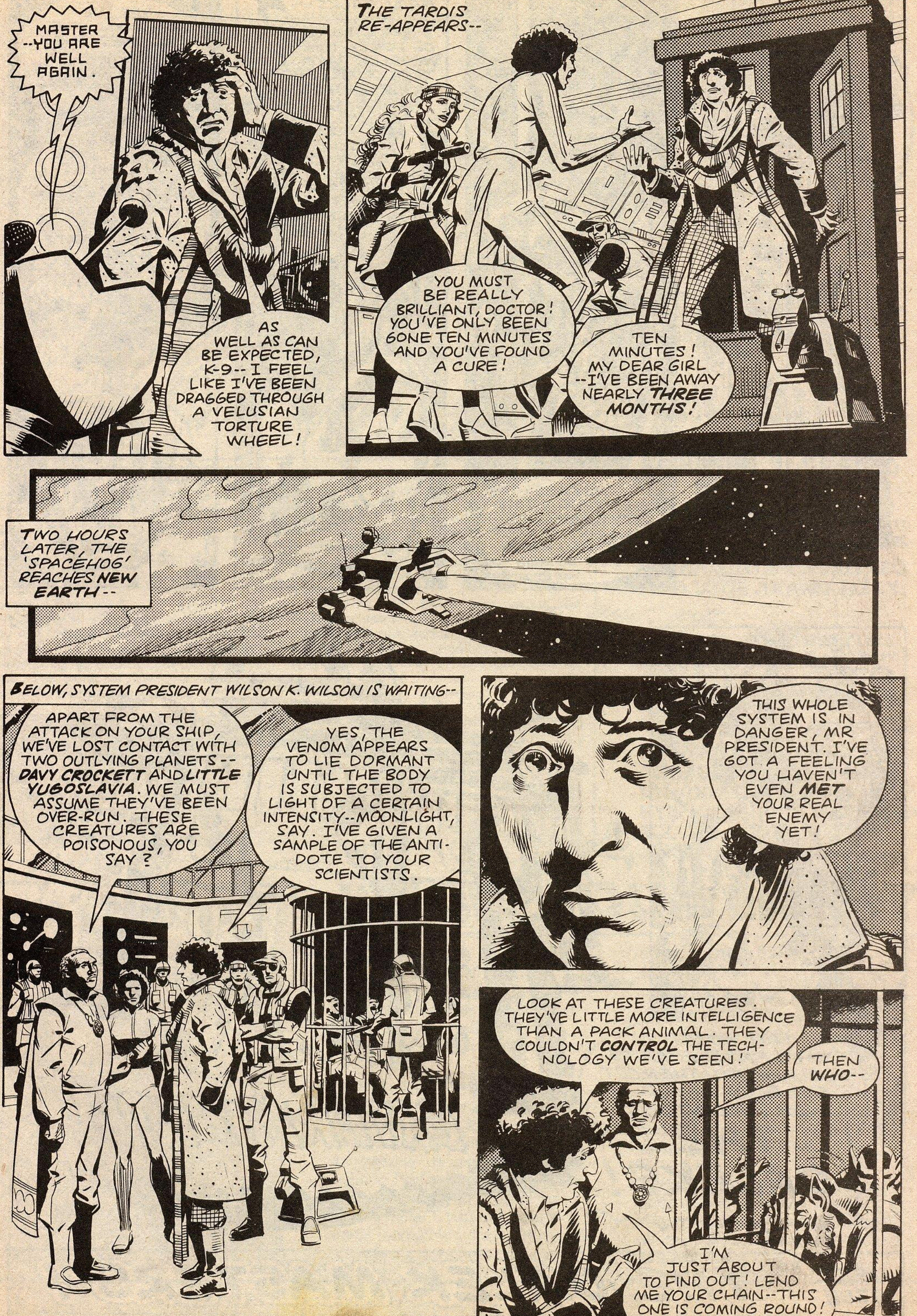
DOCTOR WHO AND THE DOGS OF DOOM

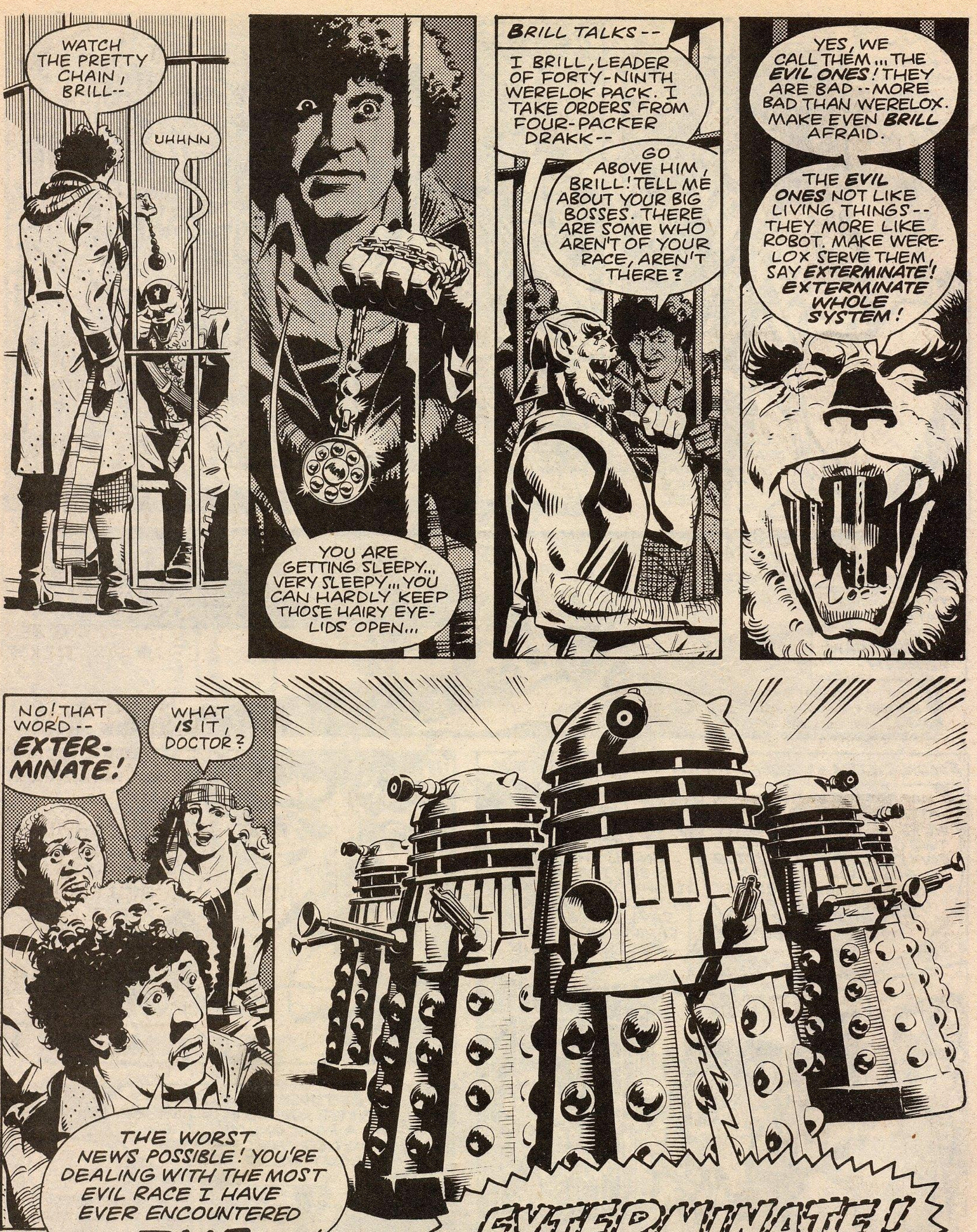
ON THE ASTRO-FREIGHTER 'SPACEHOG' AN ATTACK BY WERELOK RAIDERS IS FOILED. BUT THE DOCTOR RECEIVES A SCRATCH FROM A WERELOK CLAW, AND LATER A FRIGHTENING CHANGE TAKES PLACE –

SCRIPT. MILLS & WAGNER ART. DAVE GIBBONS


DOCTOR! WH--WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
PLEASE! DON'T HURT ME!
NRAAA!
ON THE FLIGHT DECK--
MERCY SAKES! THE BOW-WOW BOYS IS BACK!
DON'T SHOOT, MR BEAN! IT'S THE DOCTOR!
K-9
STAY AWAY FROM ME! CAN'T.. CONTROL MYSELF!
GROTESQUE CLAWS PUSH OPEN THE TARDIS'S DOOR--
K-9! I NEED YOU!
INSIDE, THE DOCTOR -- OR WHAT REMAINS OF HIM -- ACTIVATES THE EMERGENCY UNIT--
--AND THE TARDIS IS HURLED OUT OF TIME AND SPACE... INTO A LIMBO-- AN EMPTINESS THAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS... NOWHERE--
K-9! IF I TRY TO REACH THE CONTROLS AGAIN --STUN ME!


I'VE GOT A SAMPLE OF THE VENOM! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE--
GOT TO FIGHT THIS THING--
FIGHT IT!
HE'S GONE!
POOR FELLA! MAYBE I SHOULDA JUST ZAPPED HIM--MIGHTA BEEN THE KINDEST THING!
IN THE TARDIS'S LAB, HOURS PASS--DAYS--AS THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES WITH THE BEAST INSIDE HIM--SEARCHING FOR THE ANTIDOTE--
ALL TOO OFTEN, THE BEAST TRIUMPHS!
NRRAAA!
--AND A BLACK, MURDEROUS VEIL SLIPS DOWN OVER THE DOCTOR'S MIND--
REGRET I MUST CARRY OUT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, MASTER.
AFTERWARDS, THERE ARE ALWAYS THE SPELLS OF LUCIDITY...
NOT MUCH VENOM LEFT... CAN'T KEEP WASTING IT LIKE THIS!
PERHAPS THE DOCTOR'S OWN INHUMANITY SAVES HIM FROM THE FULL EFFECT OF THE VENOM--
OR PERHAPS HE IS PROTECTED BY SOME AS YET UNKNOWN POWER OF THE TARDIS...
BUT, AT LAST, A CURE IS FOUND--
IF THIS DOESN'T WORK--I'M DOOMED!


MASTER --YOU ARE WELL AGAIN.
AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED, K-9-- I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN DRAGGED THROUGH A VELUSIAN TORTURE WHEEL!
THE TARDIS RE-APPEARS--
YOU MUST BE REALLY BRILLIANT, DOCTOR! YOU'VE ONLY BEEN GONE TEN MINUTES AND YOU'VE FOUND A CURE!
TEN MINUTES! MY DEAR GIRL --I'VE BEEN AWAY NEARLY THREE MONTHS!
TWO HOURS LATER, THE 'SPACEHOG' REACHES NEW EARTH--
BELOW, SYSTEM PRESIDENT WILSON K. WILSON IS WAITING--
APART FROM THE ATTACK ON YOUR SHIP, WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH TWO OUTLYING PLANETS-- DAVY CROCKETT AND LITTLE YUGOSLAVIA. WE MUST ASSUME THEY'VE BEEN OVER-RUN. THESE CREATURES ARE POISONOUS, YOU SAY?
YES, THE VENOM APPEARS TO LIE DORMANT UNTIL THE BODY IS SUBJECTED TO LIGHT OF A CERTAIN INTENSITY--MOONLIGHT, SAY. I'VE GIVEN A SAMPLE OF THE ANTIDOTE TO YOUR SCIENTISTS.
THIS WHOLE SYSTEM IS IN DANGER, MR PRESIDENT. I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU HAVEN'T EVEN MET YOUR REAL ENEMY YET!
LOOK AT THESE CREATURES. THEY'VE LITTLE MORE INTELLIGENCE THAN A PACK ANIMAL. THEY COULDN'T CONTROL THE TECHNOLOGY WE'VE SEEN!
THEN WHO--
I'M JUST ABOUT TO FIND OUT! LEND ME YOUR CHAIN--THIS ONE IS COMING ROUND!


WATCH THE PRETTY CHAIN, BRILL--
UHHNN
YOU ARE GETTING SLEEPY... VERY SLEEPY... YOU CAN HARDLY KEEP THOSE HAIRY EYE-LIDS OPEN...
BRILL TALKS--
I BRILL, LEADER OF FORTY-NINTH WERELOK PACK. I TAKE ORDERS FROM FOUR-PACKER DRAKK--
GO ABOVE HIM, BRILL! TELL ME ABOUT YOUR BIG BOSSES. THERE ARE SOME WHO AREN'T OF YOUR RACE, AREN'T THERE?
YES, WE CALL THEM... THE EVIL ONES! THEY ARE BAD--MORE BAD THAN WERELOX. MAKE EVEN BRILL AFRAID.
THE EVIL ONES NOT LIKE LIVING THINGS-- THEY MORE LIKE ROBOT. MAKE WERELOX SERVE THEM, SAY EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE WHOLE SYSTEM!
NO! THAT WORD-- EXTERMINATE!
WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR?
THE WORST NEWS POSSIBLE! YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE MOST EVIL RACE I HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED ...THE DALEKS!
EXTERMINATE!

NEXT ISSUE THE DALEK MASTERS!

UNIT HOTLINE

Attention all UNIT Force Fighters! Here's this week's coded intelligence reports.

SKY~WATCH

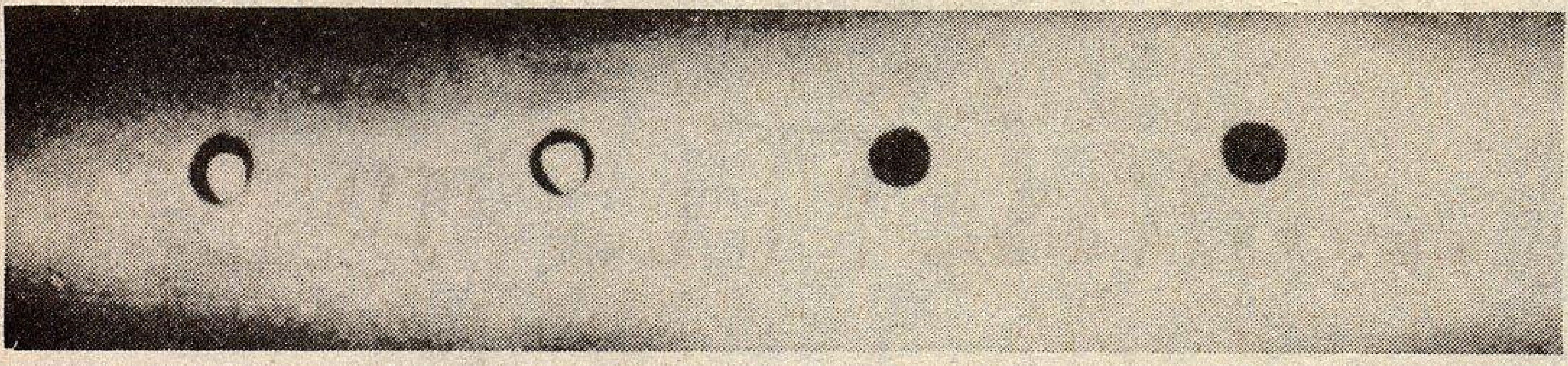
Dateline: April 17th, 1966.
Subject: UFO sighting.
Witnesses: Deputy Sheriff Dale Spaur, Wilber Neff and police officer Wayne Huston.
Location: Ohio, USA.

The UFO was spotted on a deserted highway late one night, by police officers, Spaur and Neff. "As near as I can describe it, it was shaped something like an ice-cream cone. The point of the cone was underneath; the top was like a dome."

The officers leapt into their car and followed the object which moved off eastwards to Pennsylvania. They were in radio contact with another patrol car, officer Huston's, further up the road.

The two cars followed the UFO over the Ohio border into Pennsylvania until the object suddenly rose vertically upwards and finally disappeared.

The US Air Force investigated the occurence and placed it under the category of "misinterpretations of conventional objects and natural phenomena," concluding that the police officers had spent an evening chasing Venus. An unlikely explanation.



SECURITY RED CODE

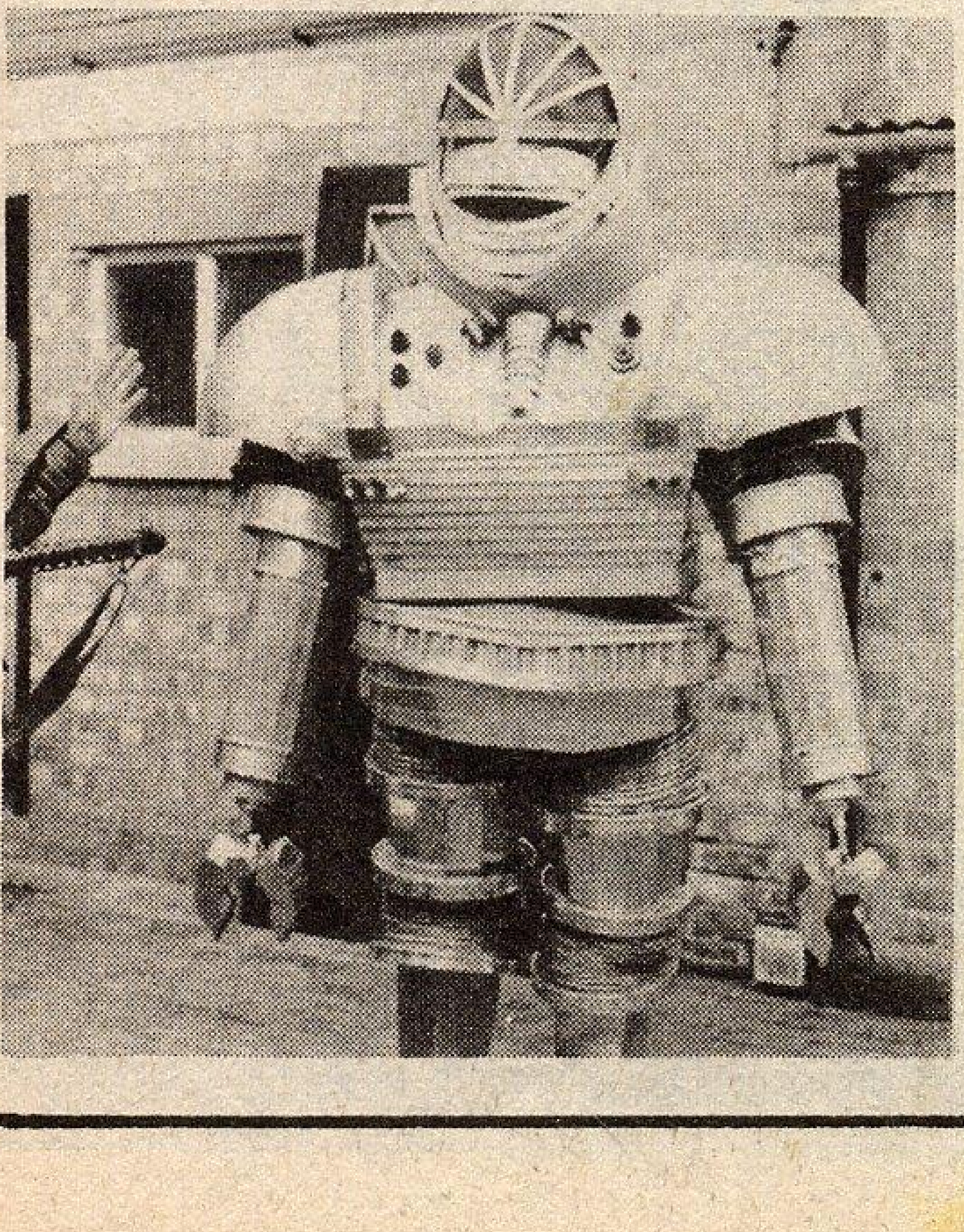
BAAD NEOM "BZEL NEOM AZAWN" HIMKX UX I XDAHUIR, XAHMAG PERKAM. GTAN WOXG ZEG PIRR UZGE AXAWN TIZKX.

SECURITY CODE GREEN

BPRPJRNA ODL CNRWLND AGIU OMBL TAYSXDYISA IDL CXK. QQR OPMAD IJR BYPPRVYGDRCU EGCRNDRV SDL AGI AGDDGTZ FBNLP JDXR NAZU.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

NO.4 ROBOT K~1



SUBJECT: The Giant Robot
PLANET OF ORIGIN: Earth
WEAPONARY: Hydraulic rams terminating in clamps capable of exerting great physical strength. Disintetegrater gun (optional extra)

HISTORY: The Giant Robot, technically referred to as Experimental Prototype Robot K-1, was a marvel of twentieth century robotics engineering. Its inventor and builder, Professor Kettlewell, constructed it from an alloy called "living metal". Not only was this metal incredibly strong but it could also absorb energy through its casing and thus have an endless power supply.

Kettlewell built the robot to replace the need for a human workforce in areas of high risk . . . but the robot turned on man himself. Whilst on its rampage, Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart attacked the robot with a laser weapon which had the effect of making the living metal grow.

Robots, originally constructed to help mankind, can easily become a dangerous opponent. UNIT urges all members to take careful note of this fact.

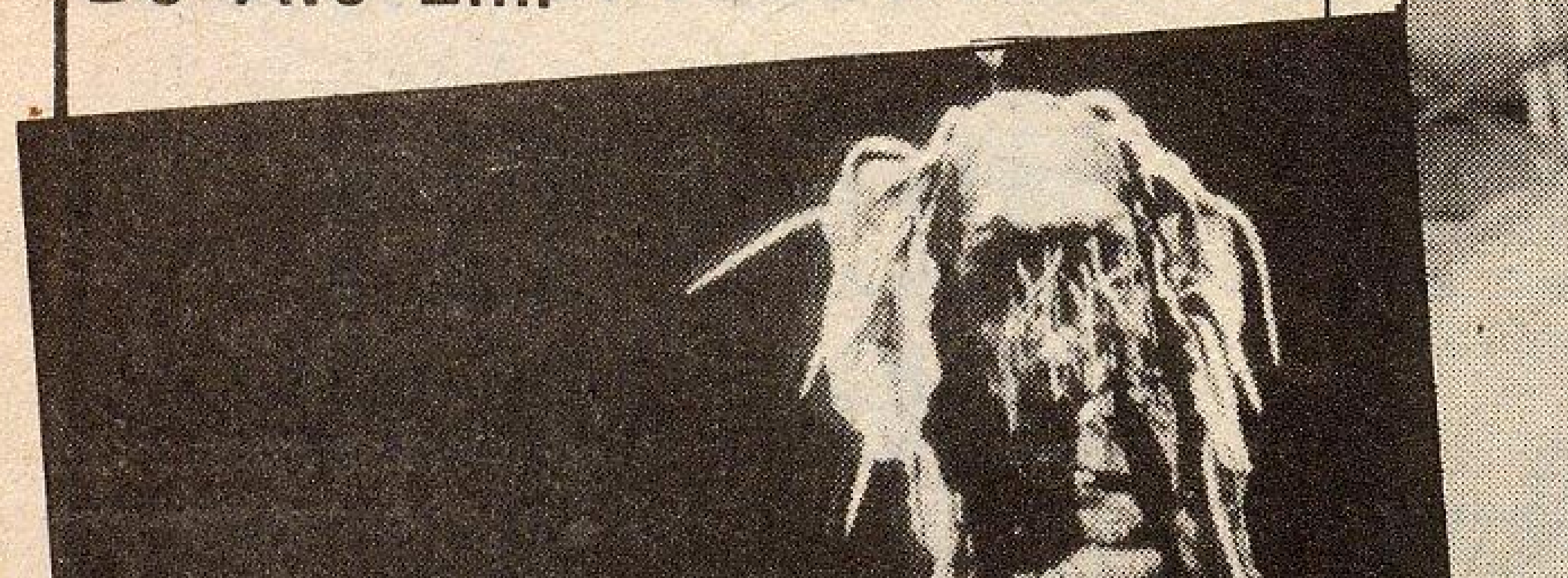
SPECIAL EFFECTS

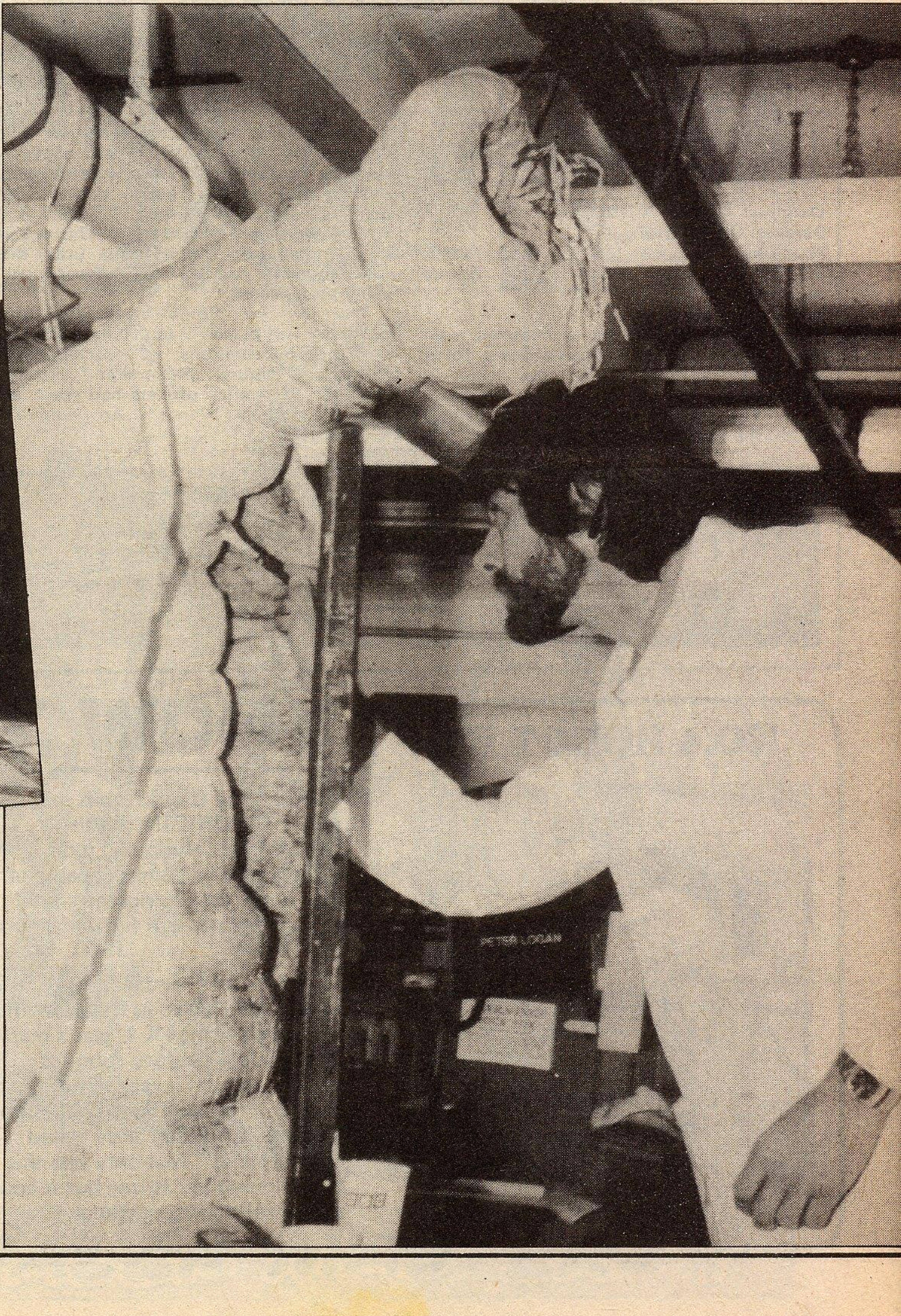
A LOOK BEHIND THE SPACED-OUT SCENES OF DR WHO!

Somewhere, deep within the heart of the BBC lies the fascinating domain of Special Effects. Where, in amongst the sad remains of distant **Dr Who** adventures, new exciting effects are at this moment being created for the next series!

It's quite a place! Spaceships that once shot proudly across the Doctor's universe, now lie anxiously waiting for re-employment. Guns, monsters, space cities and robots, past present or in the process of being made, fill every spare corner. For this is where every explosion, amazing technological feat or clever piece of model filming, begins its life.

Visual effects designer Colin Mapson, the man behind many of the Doctor's startling, spacey scenes, also works busily behind the screen on such television programmes as **Blake's 7, Sykes, Monty Python's Flying Circus, The Goodies** and **Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em.**





Right: *Colin constructs a monster using bent cane, foam rubber and latex.* **Above:** *The final terrifying result.*

It's not everyday that you meet someone who makes a living out of building futuristic spaceships, robots and alien weapons, so I asked Colin how he first started on his strange career.

"I first worked in a shop as a window dresser and then suddenly got it into my head that I wanted to work for the BBC, so I came to London, where I got a job making props for a firm in New Malden."

Luckily for Colin, this particular firm made props for the BBC and he eventually got a job there.

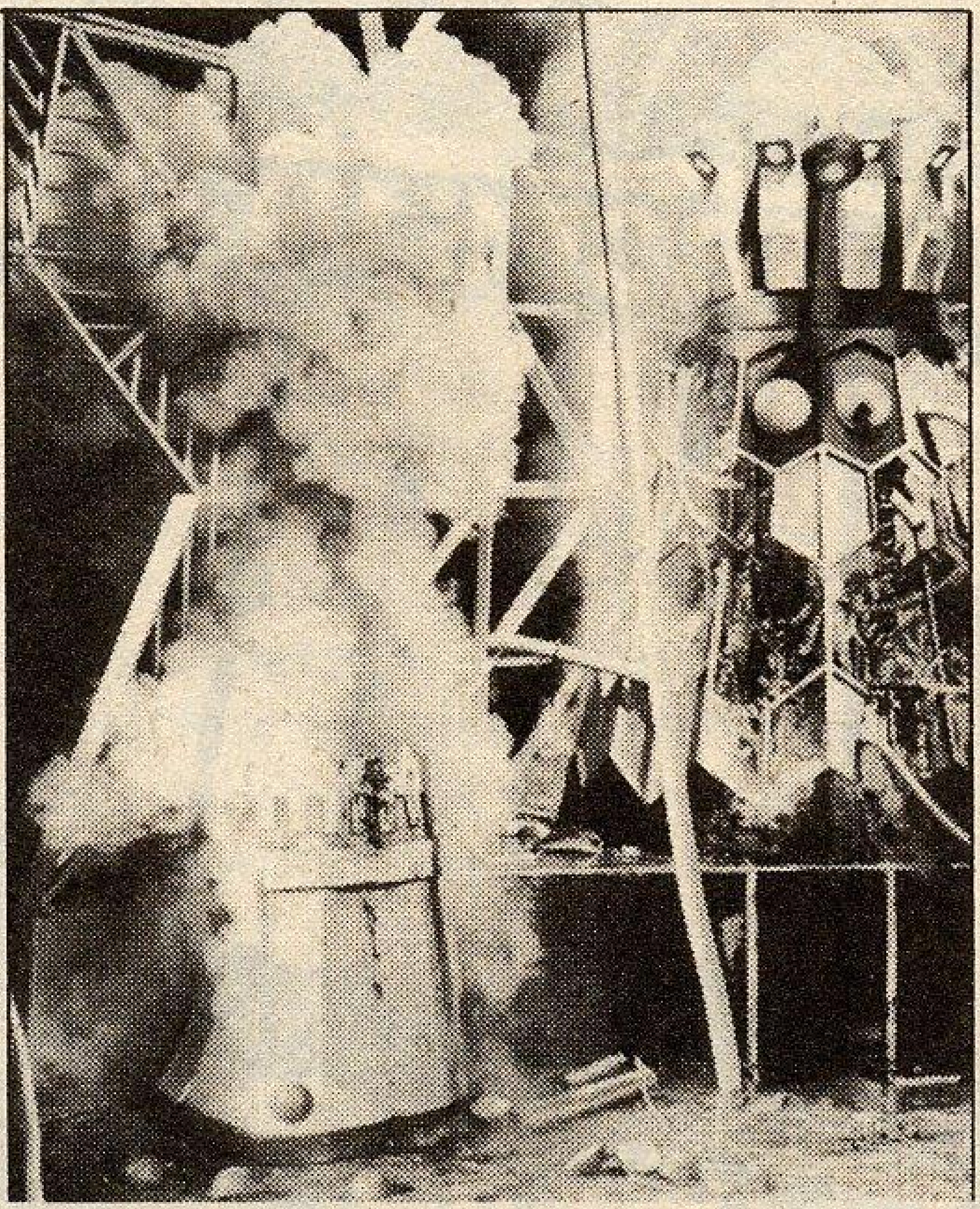
But life behind the scenes didn't turn out to be quite as exciting as he had first imagined. Colin fondly remembers a particularly muddy moment when, during location filming on the 1973 **Dr Who** adventure "The Green Death", he found himself crawling along a slag heap brandishing a glove-puppet maggot!

"It was the middle of winter, and I was cold, wet and miserable."

So much for the glamour of television.

The unfortunate occasion is now nothing but a muddy memory in the life of a fully-fledged visual effects designer, who spends his time building space-ships, guns and monsters . . . treading the thin line between art and engineering.

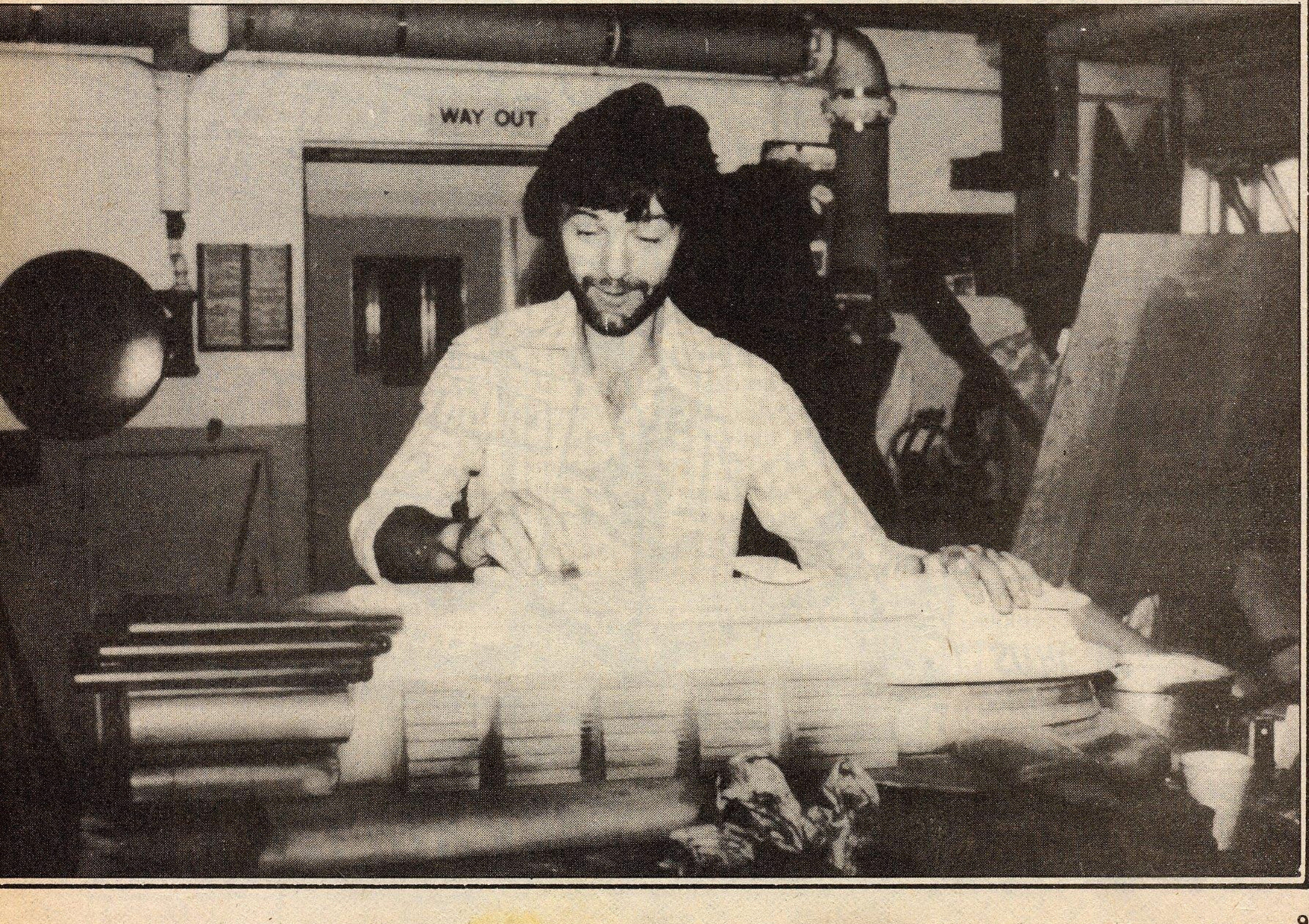
Engineering plays a large part in the grand schemes of television's visual effects . . . hydraulic rams, compressed air, colour separtation overlay . . . I was soon lost in a haze of technical terms, wondering if there was any room left for artistic imagination!



Above: *One of Dr Who's explosive special effects.* **Below:** *Colin Mapson constructs an impressive-looking spaceship.*

But the weird and beautiful alien effects which surround the Doctor on his adventures through time and space, gives full rein to artistic creation. For Colin Mapson, the designer of such ships as the "Empress" (seen in the recent **Dr Who** adventure "Nightmare of Eden") building a spaceship is no small task. Every intricate detail, perfectly positioned, is painted and then made to look old and tarnished. Colin even paints on the black streaks left by the force of a colliding meteor!

But who designed the impressive steel grey corridors of the spaceship interior? For this, a location was found . . . in Berkley Nuclear Power-Station! Colin admits that he was a little nervous about the choice of location, especially when hordes of ferocious Mandrels stormed the station and began their rampage against Eden's savage exploiters. For a visual effects designer, it's all in a day's work!



PRIORITY

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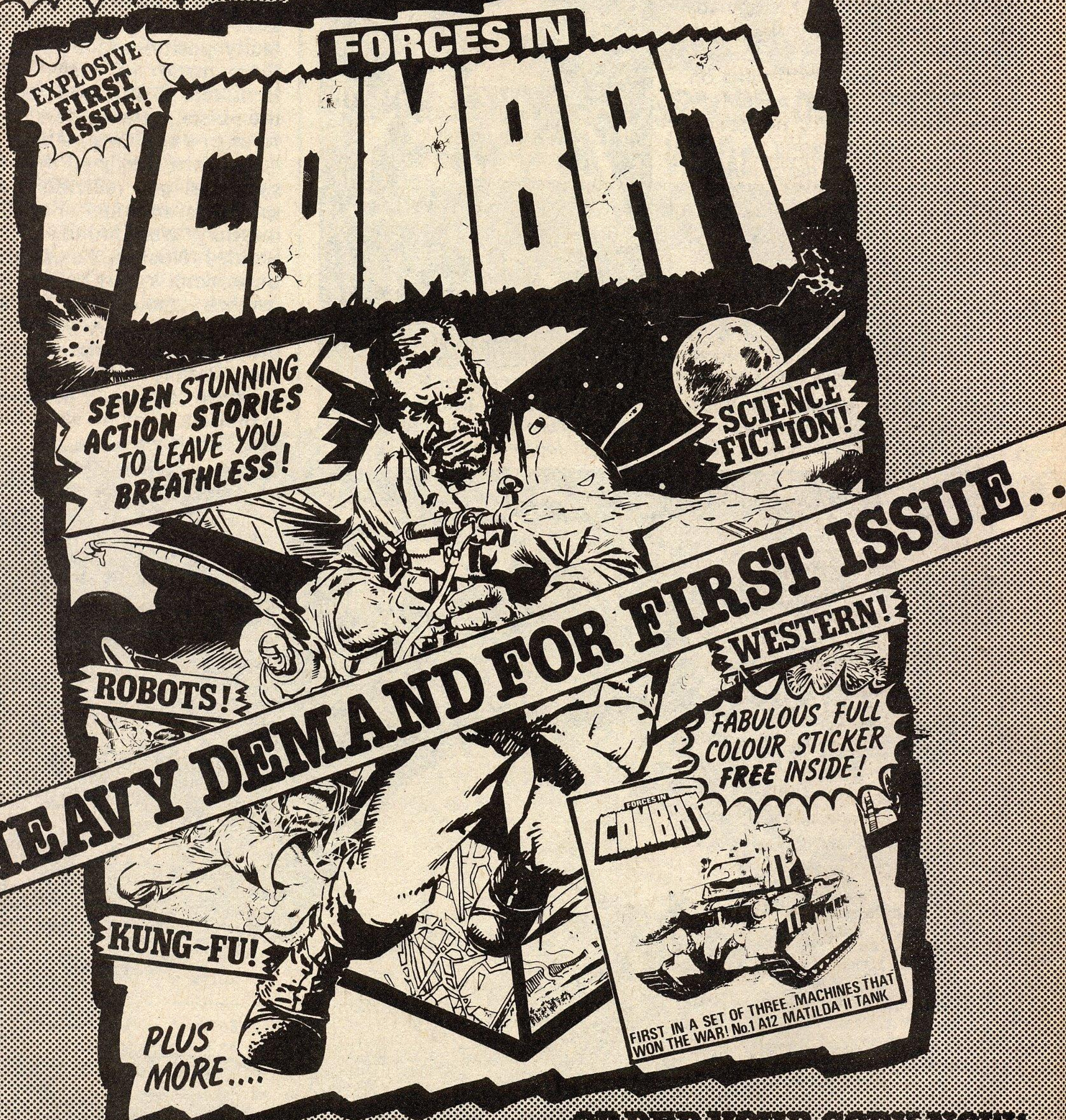
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FANTASTIC FACTS

A YOKE'S A YOKE

On several occasions a country school at Wokingham, Berks, was the target of UFOs – unidentified flying omelettes. Children would be sent scrambling for cover as eggs fell out of the sky to splat the playground and mothers, taking their kids to school, have seen eggs hitting cars, fencing, and even trickling from rooftops. Mrs Ann Norman, of Wokingham, said: "They must drop from high up because they make a terrific noise when they hit the ground." The mothers suppose they are being dropped from a light aircraft, and have named the phantom aircraft "The Rhode Island Red Baron" – but a Civil Aviation Authority spokesperson, at Hest, Middlesex, didn't think too much of the idea. Plane noises have been heard sometimes when eggs have been seen falling, but no one can link the two definitely. These bombardments, which ceased suddenly, occured in early December 1974. The school's name is *Keep Hatch!* If these events were an elaborate practical yolk no one could say what anyone would have gained by going to so much trouble.

STUPID BRILLIANCE

Einstein had something of a reputation as an absent-minded Professor. He once used a cheque for 1,500-dollars as a bookmark – then lost the book. A newspaper reporter asked him how he managed to remember such details as his hotel room number. "That's simple", he replied "it is 1414, the square root of 2".

DARWIN VERSUS NOAH

When Darwin first announced his theory of Evolution in 1859, the existence of fossil dinosaurs' bones was used as an argument against him. His opponents claimed that it was unnecessary to use the theory of natural selection to explain their disappearance – they were just too large to fit on Noah's ark.

FLYING FISH

The Great Fish Fall of 1859 remains one of history's unsolved mysteries. It all began with a series of strange reports from a small Welsh village called Mountain Ash.

According to the villagers, showers of *fish* rained down on Mountain Ash and the surrounding countryside! The startled onlookers tried to save some of the fish by throwing them into buckets of water. There were thousands of them . . . minnows, sticklebacks, sprats and whiting. But where had they come from?

No-one ever really found out. Had a freak whirl wind lifted the fish from their watery homes and dumped them on Mountain Ash? Or had the villagers been witness to something far more sinister? We can never be certain what happened that day in 1859 but perhaps the truth is best left uncovered . . .

SOFT GEMS

Scientists in the Carnegie Institution, USA, have been trying to understand what goes on at the earth's core by applying immense pressure to samples of metal embedded with rubies. The sample was squeezed between two diamonds until the pressure was the same as you would expect to find 2,000 miles beneath the earth, then one of the diamonds turned soft and "flowed"!

CAULDRON COSMETICS

Isabeau of Bavaria, the wife of King Charles VI of France used a face cosmetic made from boar brains, wolf blood and crocodile glands.

THE QUEEN WHO BECAME KING

It was the fashion in ancient Egypt for men to shave and wear a false beard. When King Thutmose II died, his wife took the throne and made herself King Hatshepsut. She wore men's clothes and (you guessed it) a false beard!

HIPPO HAIR-CREAM

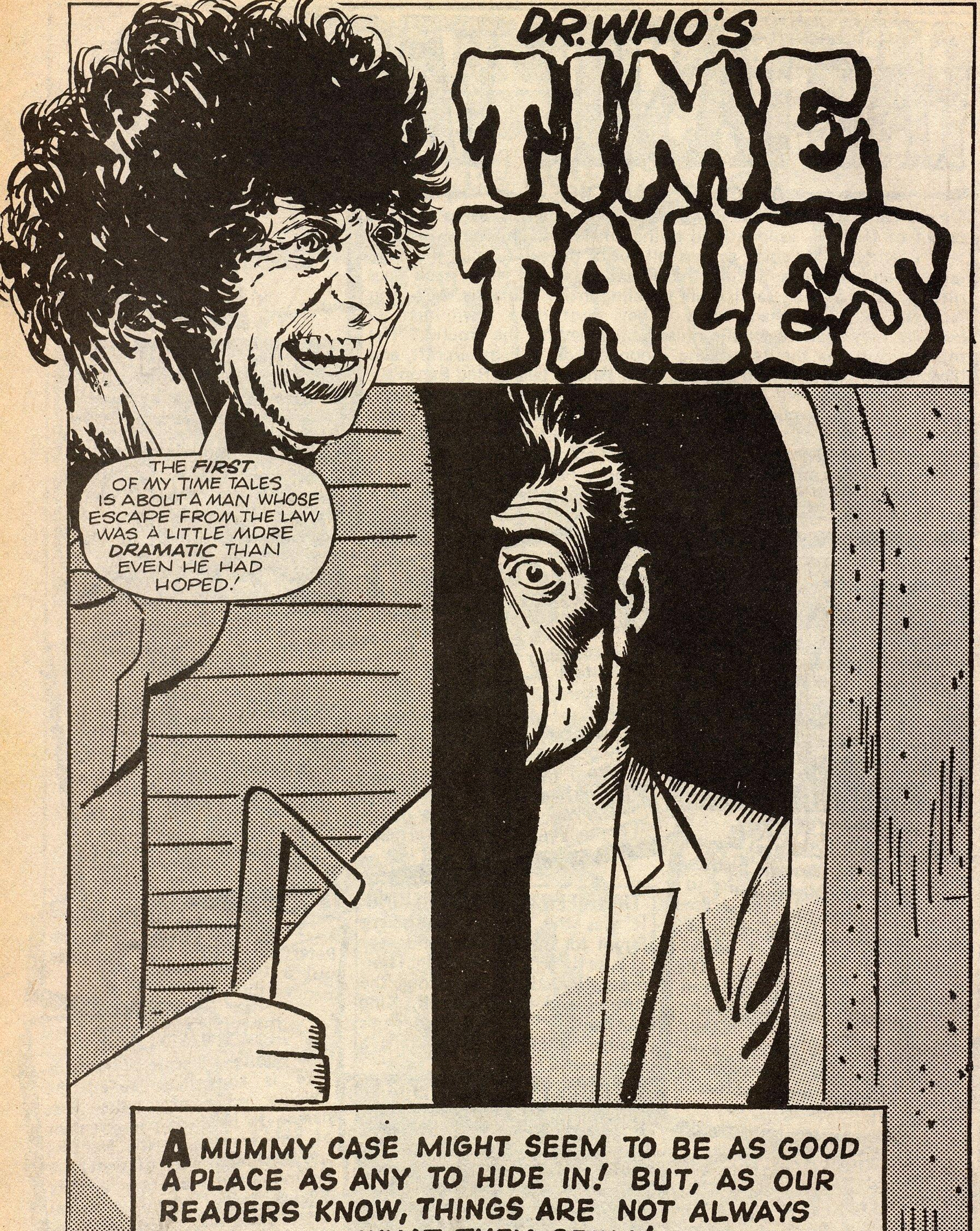
The Egyptians were famed for their cosmetics. But if none of their shampoos, pomades, dyes improved your hair there was a potion to make your enemy's hair fall out. The antidote to this mean trick was to put hippopotamous lard on the head "very, very often".

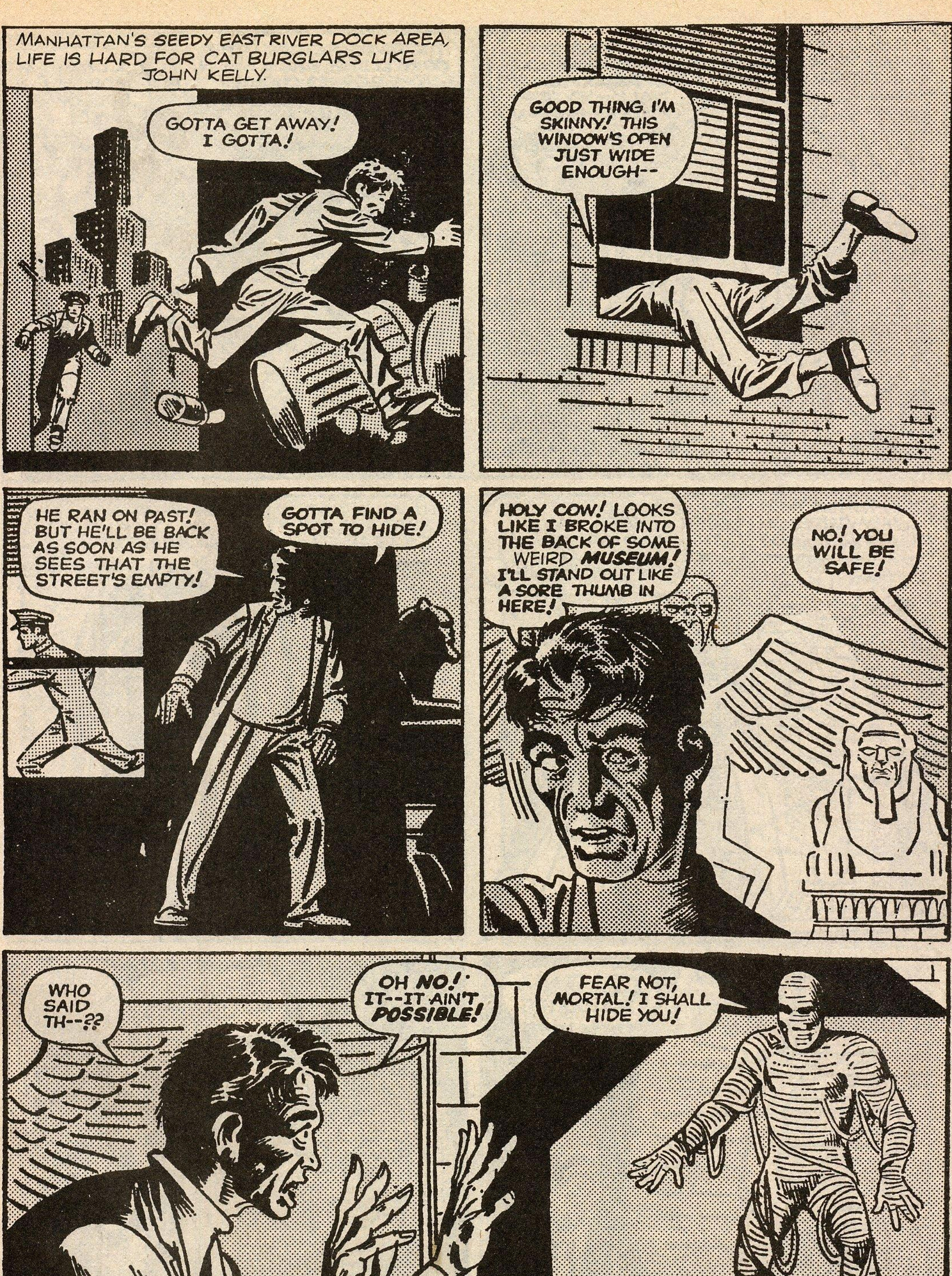
THE BEARD BUDGET

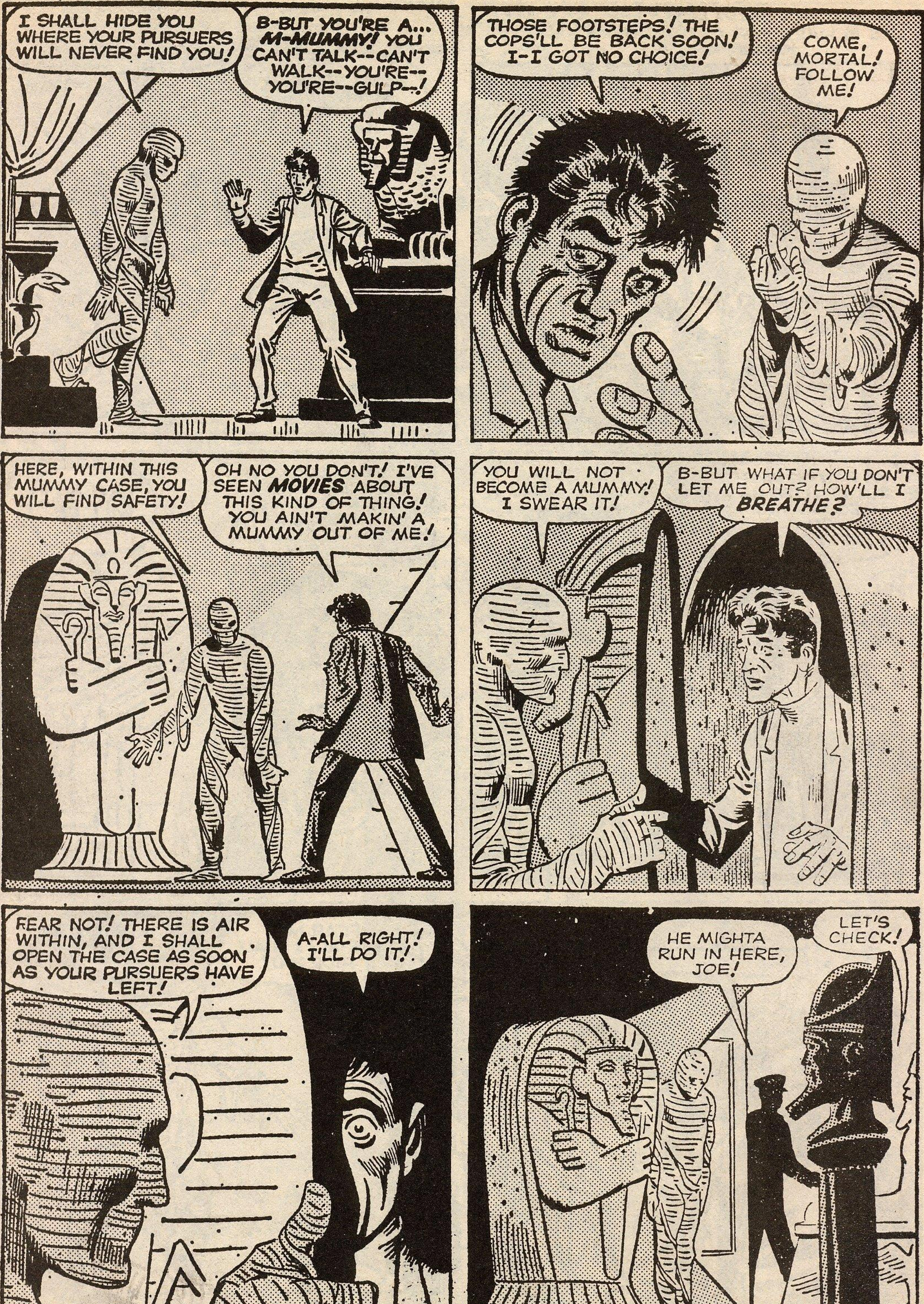
Peter the Great, Tsar of Russia put a tax on beards. He later banned them altogether.

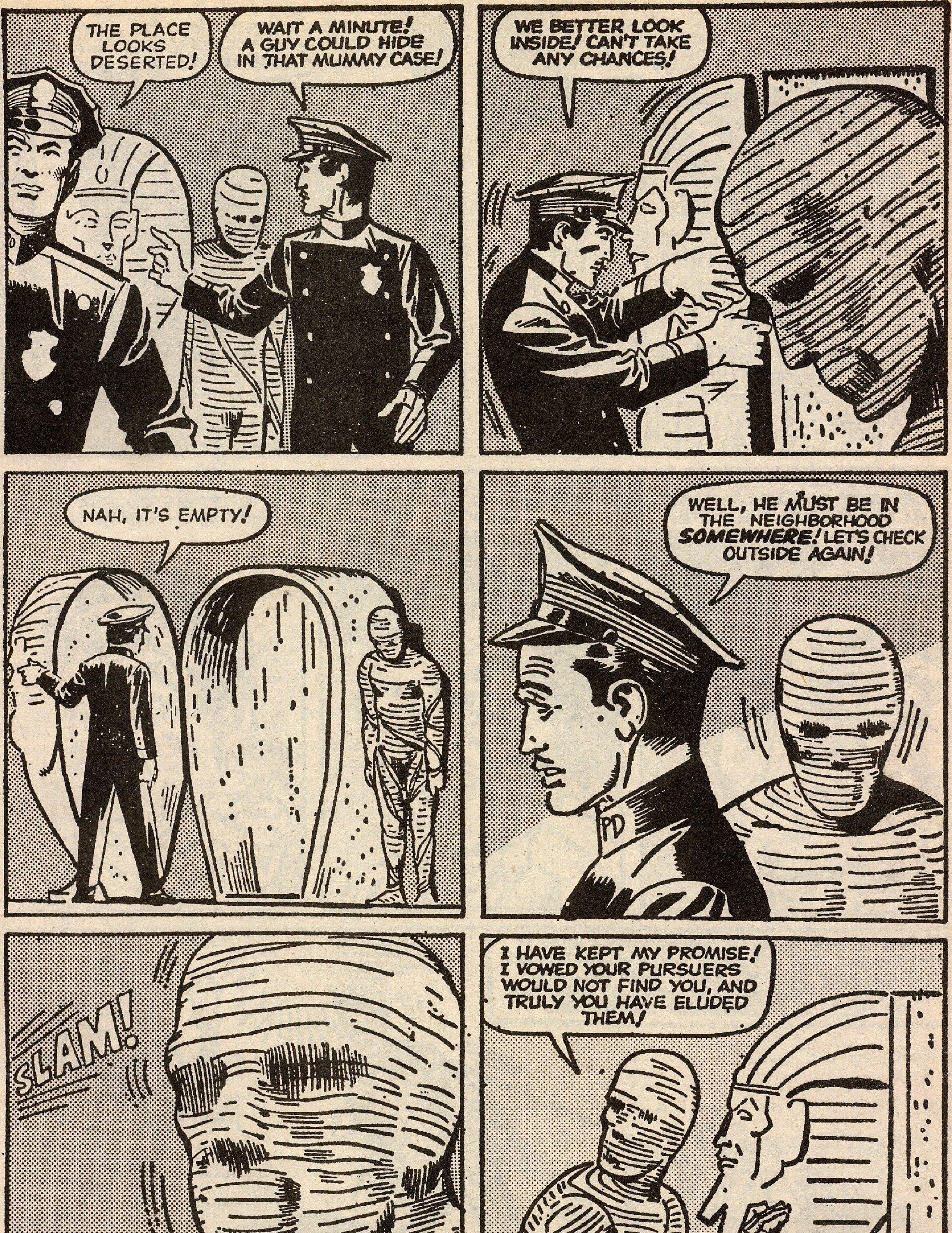
TURNABOUT

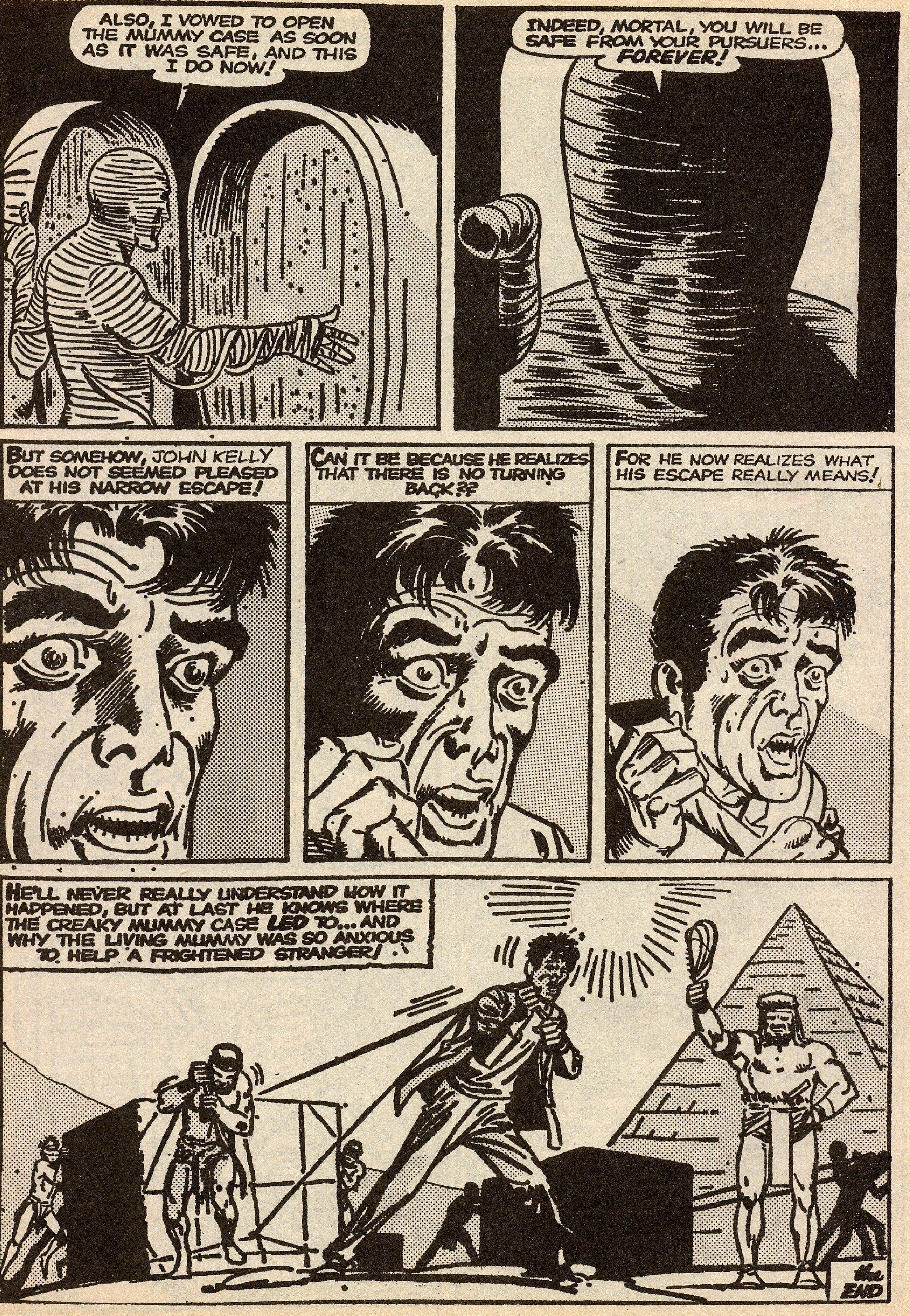
The Centigrade scale of temperature is sometimes called the Celcius scale after the first person to base the measurement of temperature on the freezing and boiling points of water. A thermometer made by Anders Celcius himself would be useless today, however; he called freezing point 100 degrees and boiling point 0 degrees.


DR. WHO'S
TIME TALES
THE FIRST OF MY TIME TALES IS ABOUT A MAN WHOSE ESCAPE FROM THE LAW WAS A LITTLE MORE DRAMATIC THAN EVEN HE HAD HOPED!
A MUMMY CASE MIGHT SEEM TO BE AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO HIDE IN! BUT, AS OUR READERS KNOW, THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM!
V.791

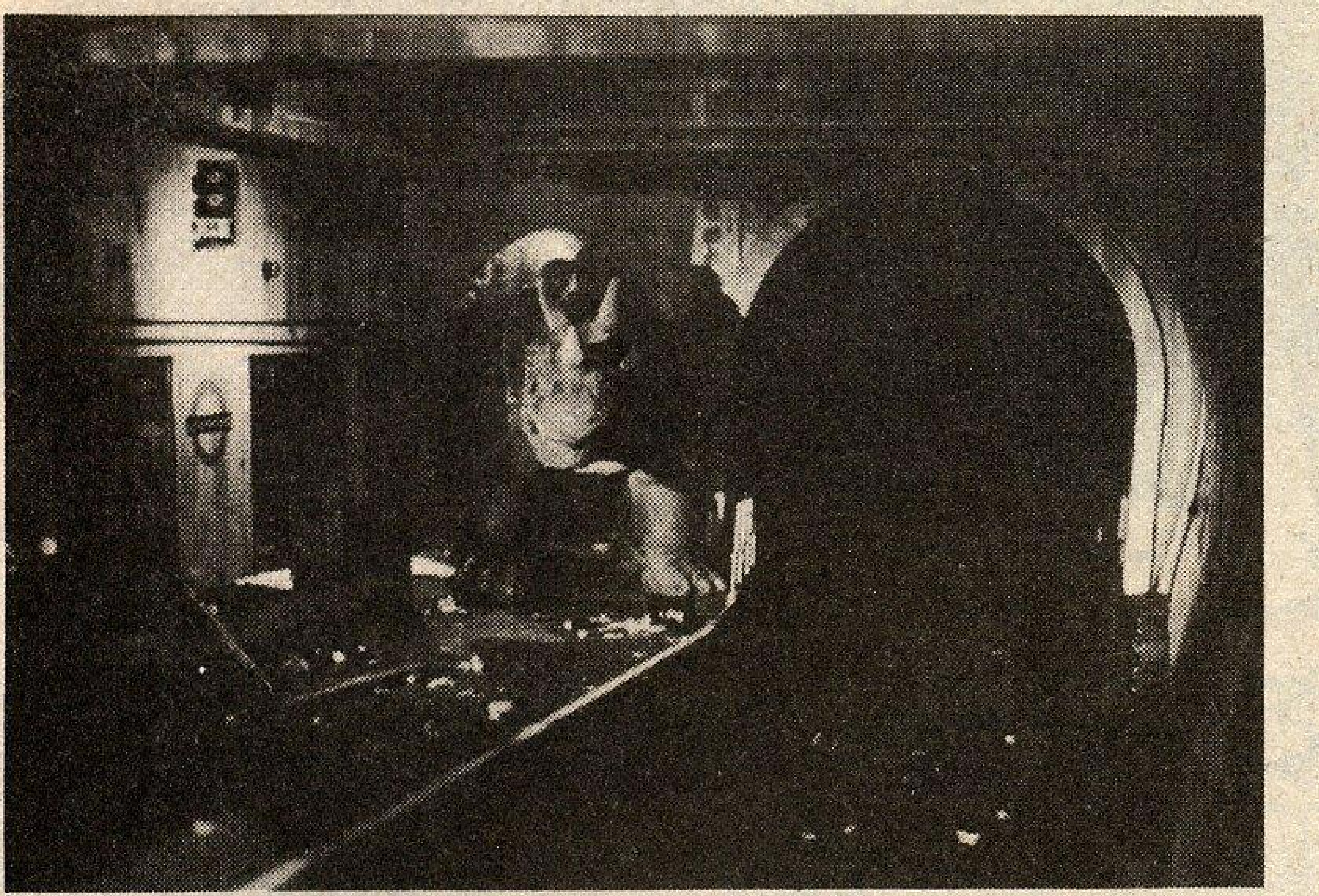

MANHATTAN'S SEEDY EAST RIVER DOCK AREA, LIFE IS HARD FOR CAT BURGLARS LIKE JOHN KELLY.
GOTTA GET AWAY! I GOTTA!
GOOD THING I'M SKINNY! THIS WINDOW'S OPEN JUST WIDE ENOUGH--
HE RAN ON PAST! BUT HE'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS HE SEES THAT THE STREET'S EMPTY!
GOTTA FIND A SPOT TO HIDE!
HOLY COW! LOOKS LIKE I BROKE INTO THE BACK OF SOME WEIRD MUSEUM! I'LL STAND OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB IN HERE!
NO! YOU WILL BE SAFE!
WHO SAID TH--??
OH NO! IT--IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!
FEAR NOT, MORTAL! I SHALL HIDE YOU!


I SHALL HIDE YOU WHERE YOUR PURSUERS WILL NEVER FIND YOU!
B-BUT YOU'RE A... ***M-MUMMY!*** YOU CAN'T TALK--CAN'T WALK--YOU'RE--YOU'RE--GULP--!
THOSE FOOTSTEPS! THE COPS'LL BE BACK SOON! I-I GOT NO CHOICE!
COME, MORTAL! FOLLOW ME!
HERE, WITHIN THIS MUMMY CASE, YOU WILL FIND SAFETY!
OH NO YOU DON'T! I'VE SEEN ***MOVIES*** ABOUT THIS KIND OF THING! YOU AIN'T MAKIN' A MUMMY OUT OF ME!
YOU WILL NOT BECOME A MUMMY! I SWEAR IT!
B-BUT WHAT IF YOU DON'T LET ME OUT? HOW'LL I ***BREATHE?***
FEAR NOT! THERE IS AIR WITHIN, AND I SHALL OPEN THE CASE AS SOON AS YOUR PURSUERS HAVE LEFT!
A-ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT!
HE MIGHTA RUN IN HERE, JOE!
LET'S CHECK!


THE PLACE LOOKS DESERTED!
WAIT A MINUTE! A GUY COULD HIDE IN THAT MUMMY CASE!
WE BETTER LOOK INSIDE! CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
NAH, IT'S EMPTY!
WELL, HE MUST BE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ***SOMEWHERE!*** LET'S CHECK OUTSIDE AGAIN!
PD
SLAM!
I HAVE KEPT MY PROMISE! I VOWED YOUR PURSUERS WOULD NOT FIND YOU, AND TRULY YOU HAVE ELUDED THEM!


ALSO, I VOWED TO OPEN THE MUMMY CASE AS SOON AS IT WAS SAFE, AND THIS I DO NOW!
INDEED, MORTAL, YOU WILL BE SAFE FROM YOUR PURSUERS... **FOREVER!**
BUT SOMEHOW, JOHN KELLY DOES NOT SEEMED PLEASED AT HIS NARROW ESCAPE!
CAN IT BE BECAUSE HE REALIZES THAT THERE IS NO TURNING BACK?!?
FOR HE NOW REALIZES WHAT HIS ESCAPE REALLY MEANS!
HE'LL NEVER REALLY UNDERSTAND HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT AT LAST HE KNOWS WHERE THE CREAKY MUMMY CASE **LED** TO... AND WHY THE LIVING MUMMY WAS SO ANXIOUS TO HELP A FRIGHTENED STRANGER!
the END

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN



Designers save the day

The next time you sit down and watch an episode of *Dr Who*, spare a thought for all the hard work put in by the set designers and builders.

Very often the sets are so realistic it is impossible to tell them from scenes done on location. And sometimes this can cause headaches for the BBC.

Such an instance happened during the making of the Patrick Troughton story, "The Web of Fear".

The adventure was based in and around the tunnels of the London underground and so the director wrote to London Transport asking for permission to film inside the real tunnels and stations. However this request was denied due to all the problems associated with switching off the current and finding suitable areas of track. Thus the set builders and designers had to go to work constructing tunnels in the studio. All this, coupled with some ingenious filming in subway tunnels gave the story such a believable atmosphere that, even today, it is regarded as one of the *Dr Who* classics.

So realistic was the finished effect that the week after the first episode was transmitted, the BBC chiefs received an irate letter from London Transport demanding to know how the *Dr Who* team had managed to film down in the Underground without them knowing about it!

A fitting tribute to the skills of the backroom people whose efforts make *Dr Who* a reality . . . or a believable illusion at least.

The Zarbi experiment

David Warren of Walsall wrote a letter for issue 27 requesting a story featuring the Doctor's giant ant opponents, the Zarbi. There is an interesting "did you know" surrounding this story.

Did you know that, to date, "The Web Planet" has been the only *Dr Who* story where no other humans have appeared aside from the Doctor and his companions. Other stories before and since have featured twin alien cultures, but always one of these has been recognisably human; *e.g.* The Moroks, the Dominators, the Peladonians, the Movellans. "The Web Planet" featured one hundred percent aliens in the shapes of Zarbi, the Menoptera, the Animus, the venom grubs and the caterpillar-like Optera. To enchance the unearthly image, all the insect movement was strictly choreographed and the camera lenses were smeared with grease to make the picture appear muzzy and slightly misted. A unique experiment.

Shooting the early series

Andrew Price's letter, published in issue 27 observed that the *Dr Who* seasons have been getting shorter in recent years, and of course this is quite correct – although with good reason.

When *Dr Who* first began back in 1963, the method of shooting a story was a lot different to today. To begin with there was little or no work done on location – all episodes were filmed in the studio. Budgets for the episodes were a lot smaller too – and not just because of inflation. There were few special effects.

Episodes were filmed on a weekly schedule. The actors and actresses would receive their scripts around the weekend, early rehearsals would go on during the first part of the week with the actual filming on the completed sets done towards Thursday and Friday. And so the process would go on week in, and week out.

For these reasons it was very easy to do long seasons of *Dr Who*. The record is held by the third *Dr Who* season which ran for 45 continuous weeks!

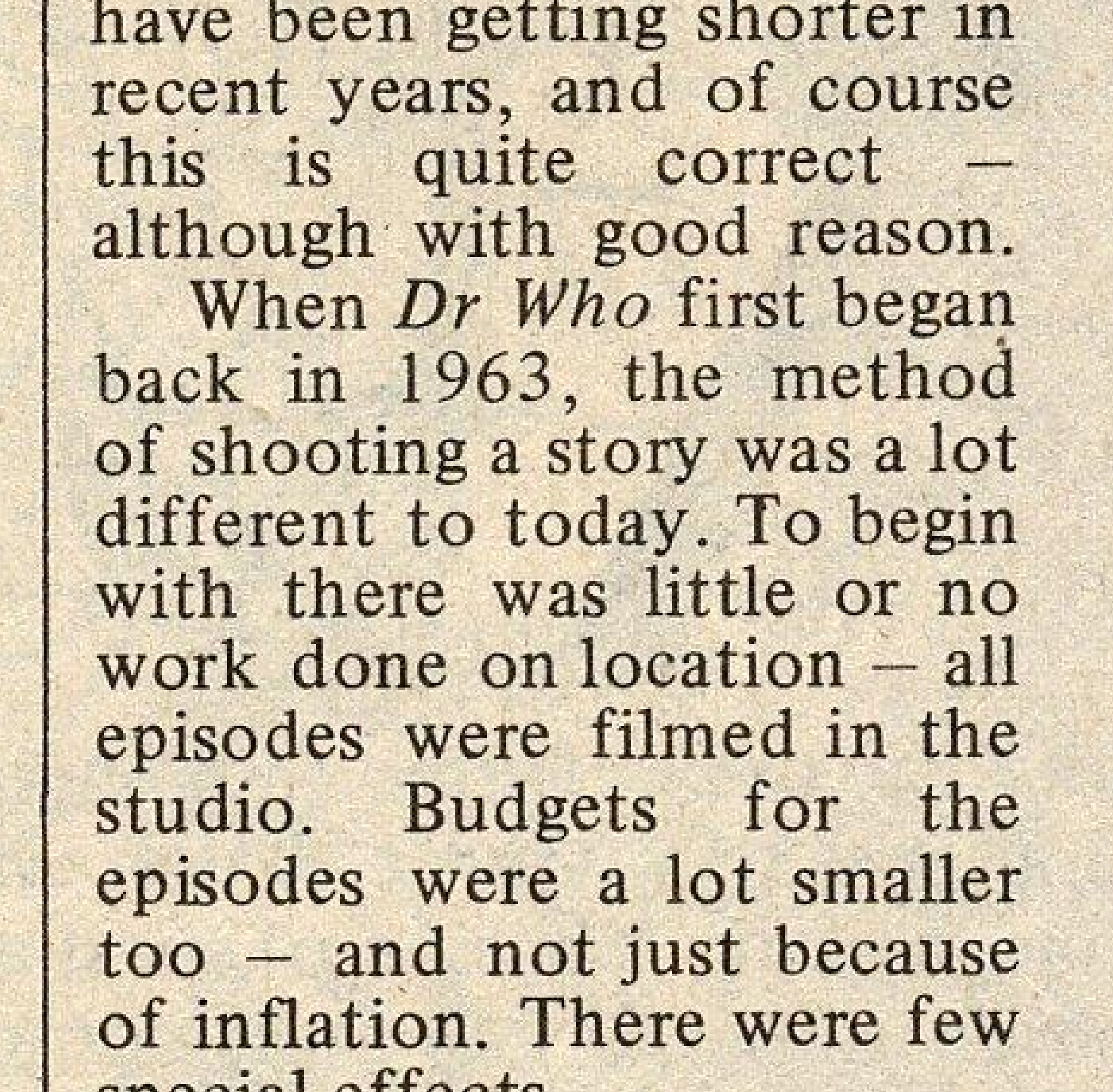
The seasons became shorter when Jon Pertwee became the Doctor in 1970. The stories demanded complex special effects, a lot of location filming and therefore a need for longer periods of rehearsal. Next season, however, will be the longest for over ten years as the Doctor and friends venture out for a 28 week flight through Time and Space!

Beep the Meep gets 3000 years

A Galactic Court sat yesterday to hear the case against one of the deadliest outlaws ever known – Beep the Meep.

The Wrath Warriors, Sergeant Zogroth and Constable Greeg, who first formed the Galactic Law Enforcement Posse that was eventually successful in capturing the Meep, gave evidence against him. Throughout the trial, Beep growled and hurled abuse at the Jury.

Judge "Stickler" Scraggs said that it was one of the worst cases he had heard in centuries. The Meep will serve a three thousand year sentence in one of the Universe's top security prisons.



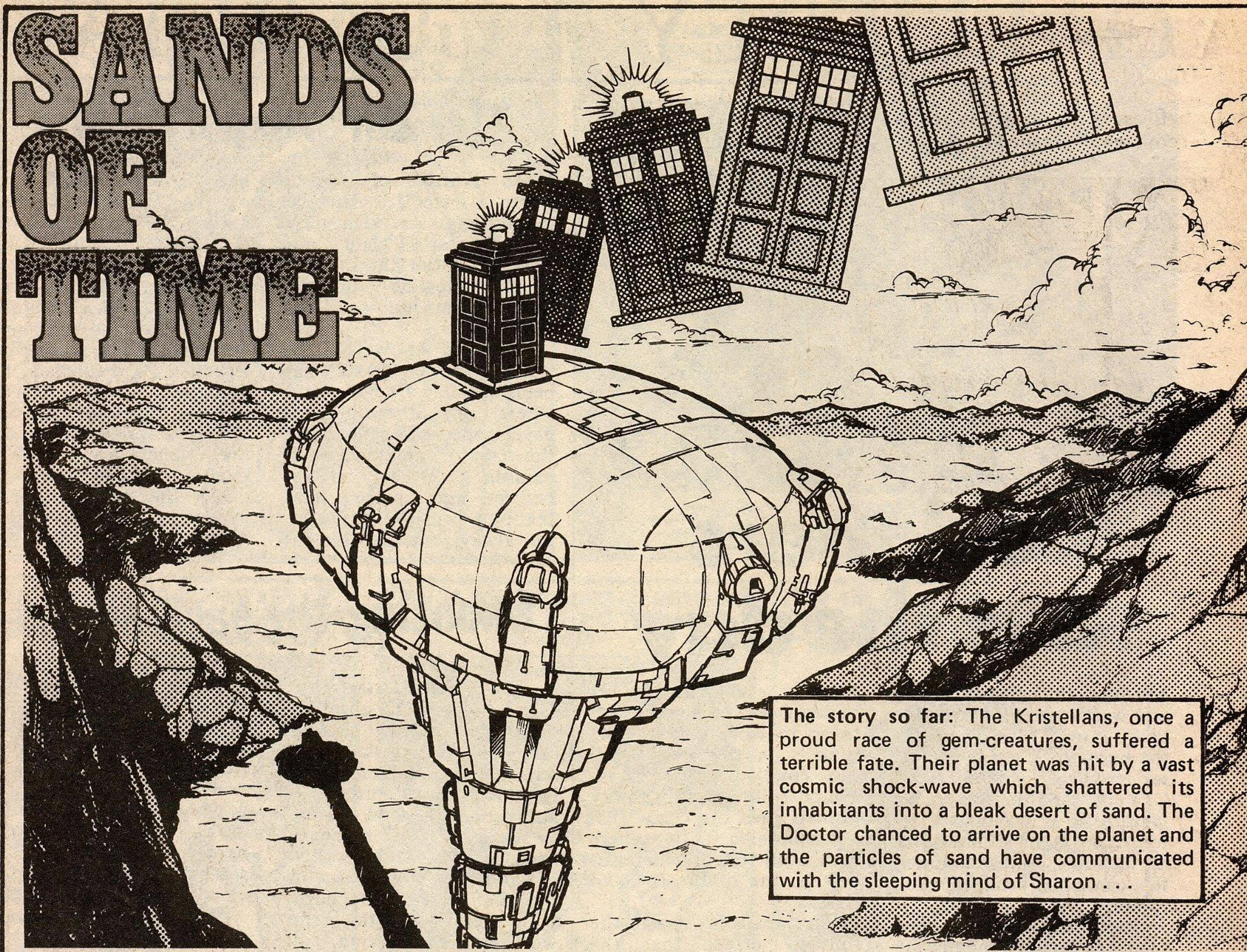
Quote of the Week

Romana: Where are we going?
Doctor: Are you talking philosophically, or geographically?
('The City of Death' 1979)

weather

Due to a high pressure ridge sweeping over the Titan planets, cosmic storms are expected in most regions. Areas veering towards Segment 16 should be clear and bright with only occasional meteor showers and the chance of solar wind, force 24, in exposed places.

SANDS OF TIME



The story so far: The Kristellans, once a proud race of gem-creatures, suffered a terrible fate. Their planet was hit by a vast cosmic shock-wave which shattered its inhabitants into a bleak desert of sand. The Doctor chanced to arrive on the planet and the particles of sand have communicated with the sleeping mind of Sharon . . .

Somewhat reassured by the Doctor's increasing grip of the problem, Sharon continued . . . "And as the deadline approached, the Elders were unable to find a solution to the problem, and at the last minute their planet's greatest master criminal, Xebal, offered them a chance of survival. Although he had been imprisoned for years for dabbling in the black arts, they accepted his proposals, having no alternative.

"In the last few days before the wave struck, Xebal constructed a small protective ark, which was only large enough for him and his equipment. It was designed to repel the effects of the shock waves and allow him to operate his devices, including a cosmic generator which would reverse the destructive effects of the waves. The reversal never took place, although the Kristella discovered that their life-forms remained as a weak mental-force which was attached to the grains of sand and contacted us."

Sharon completed her tale and gazed at her companions across the table.

"How very intriguing", said the Doctor. "So the more sand we have, the stronger the mental link with the sleeping . . . and the sand in my socks was weakened by being such a small amount."

THE SILENT REMAINS OF A PROUD RACE!

"Weakened, more logically, by being in your socks, Master," droned the dog.

"Very good K-9 . . . that's very good," mused the Doctor, inwardly proud of the obvious success of his programming experiments to give K-9 a sense of humour. "I think we'd better find the ark and discover what went wrong with poor old Xebal's plans."

"Poor old Xebal?" exploded Sharon. "He betrayed his people . . . they gave him the chance to redeem himself and . . . it was mass murder!"

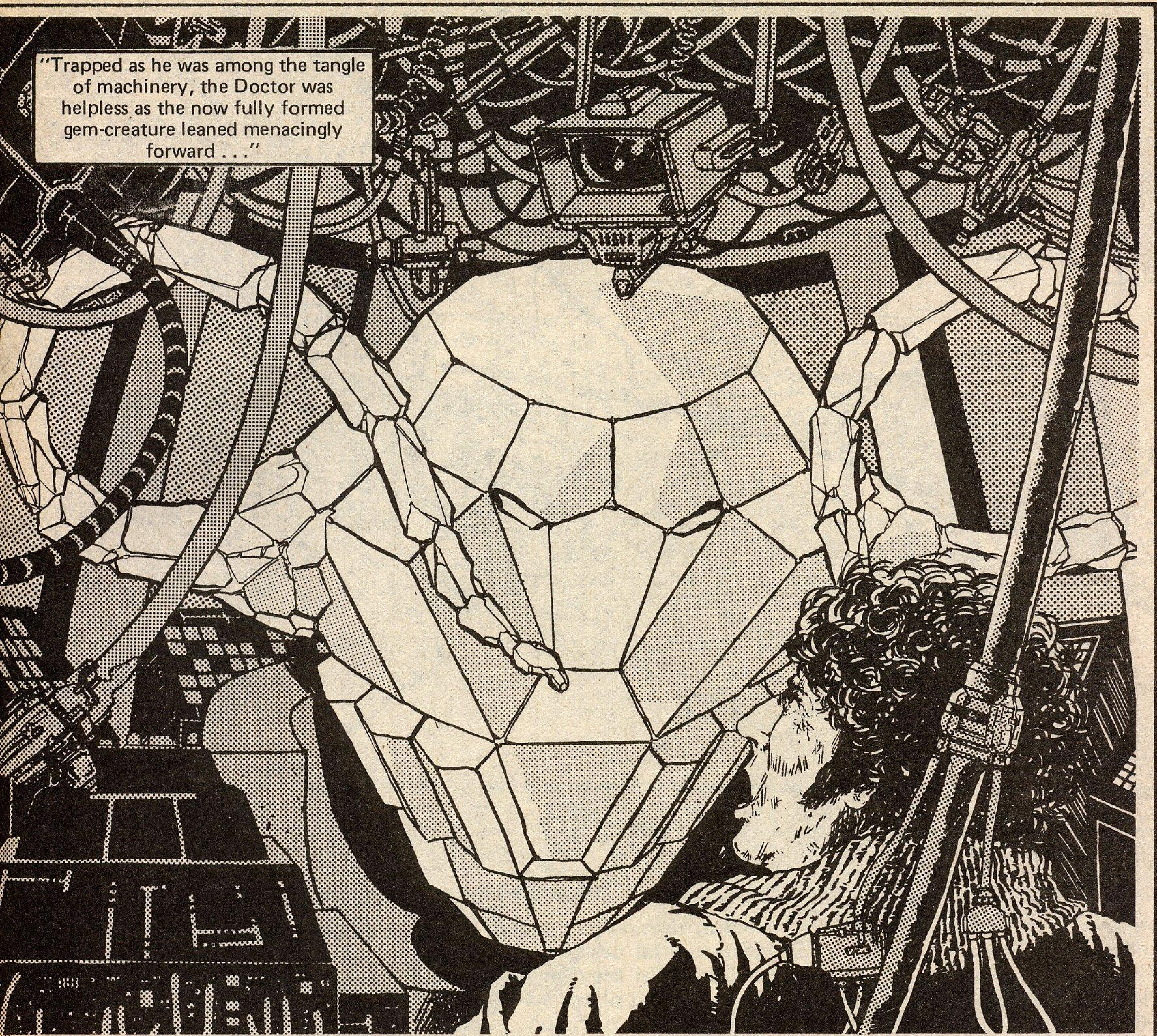
"Illogical," came the monotone. "The Kristellans are still alive . . . there was no murder committed."

The silence which greeted the dog's statement stood testament to the accuracy of the observation and lasted until the Doctor's command rang out. "Man the systems . . . we must locate the ark!"

"Better obey, Mistress," said K-9. "You know it's unwise to disobey the Doctor's orders."

"Perhaps the humour programming wasn't such a good idea after all," thought the Doctor as the TARDIS rose above the desert sands . . . the silent remains of a once proud race.

The shadow of a great skeletal



"Trapped as he was among the tangle of machinery, the Doctor was helpless as the now fully formed gem-creature leaned menacingly forward . . ."

tower glinting in the morning sun was joined by a skittering second shadow. The shadow was cast by the strangely incongruous blue, police-box poised to settle atop the oval ark at the tip of the vessel. As he lowered himself through the trap-door in the roof of the small structure, the Doctor's feet crunched upon a now familiar substance of Desar VII.

"Sand," he called up, "there Sharon, it seems I was right after all."

"How do you mean, Doctor?" Questioned the girl, peering through the open trap-door.

"I mean that poor old Xebal's protective ark didn't save him, he was turned to sand too! But," he went on, examining Xebal's jumbled banks of machinery, "enough of his clutter *did* work to keep his people alive."

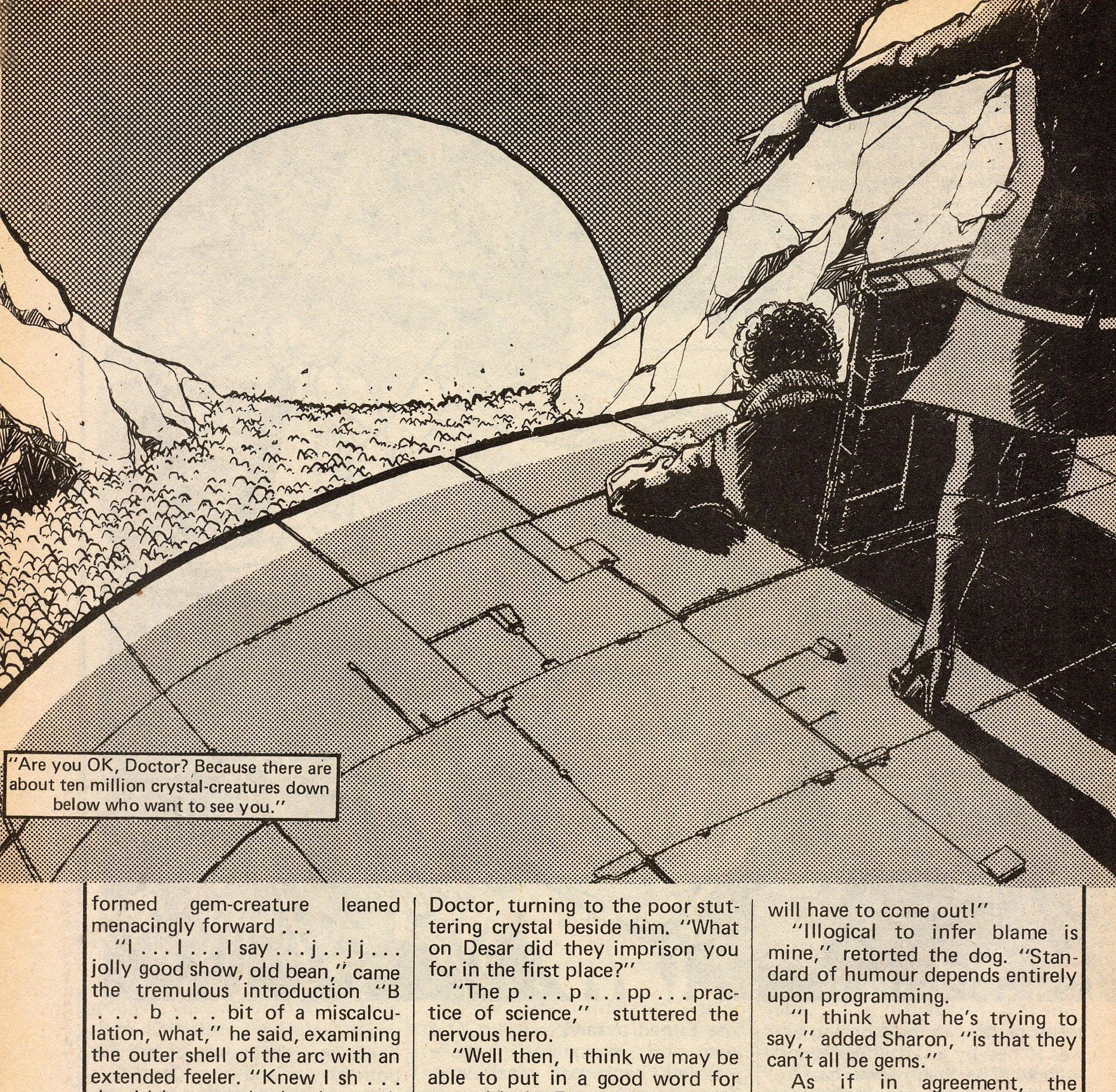
There was a deep silence. Eventually Sharon called down into the gloom. "Can you make out any of the machinery, Doctor?" Her anxious voice echoed down among the strange tubes, screens and tangled wiring to where the Doctor knelt.

"I think so . . . in fact . . . if the poor fellow hadn't gone to pieces, he would have succeeded. It seems that all we have to do is pull this lever to give his machinery full power."

"You'd better get out fast when you do," called Sharon, "because there's no room for both of you and he might be . . . well . . . *dangerous*!"

KRSSSS!

"I quite agree," murmered the Doctor, his knuckles whitening as his grip tightened on the power control lever. It moved slowly downwards, and with a force that took him completely by surprise the small cockpit-like compartment was alive with a fierce, glowing sandstorm. Trapped as he was among the tangle of machinery, the Doctor was helpless as the now fully


"Are you OK, Doctor? Because there are about ten million crystal-creatures down below who want to see you."

formed gem-creature leaned menacingly forward . . .

"I . . . I . . . I say . . . j . . j j . . . jolly good show, old bean," came the tremulous introduction "B . . . b . . . bit of a miscalculation, what," he said, examining the outer shell of the arc with an extended feeler. "Knew I sh . . . should have made the sh . . . sh . . . shielding thicker," he mumbled.

The Doctor relaxed. "It seems that our master criminal is not the desperado we thought him to be," he thought.

"Are you OK, Doctor?" Excitement tinged Sharon's voice. "Because there are about ten million crystal-creatures down below who want to see you!"

"Not me," corrected the Doctor, dusting himself off. "They want to see Xebal. By-the-way old thing," continued the Doctor, turning to the poor stuttering crystal beside him. "What on Desar did they imprison you for in the first place?"

"The p . . . p . . . pp . . . practice of science," stuttered the nervous hero.

"Well then, I think we may be able to put in a good word for you with the Elders," assured the Doctor, helping Xebal up through the trapdoor.

Once aboard the TARDIS, nothing remained but the downward flight to reunite Xebal with the cheering hordes below.

"What," questioned the Doctor, turning to his faithful computer dog, "do your data banks think of Xebal's imprisonment for practicing science?"

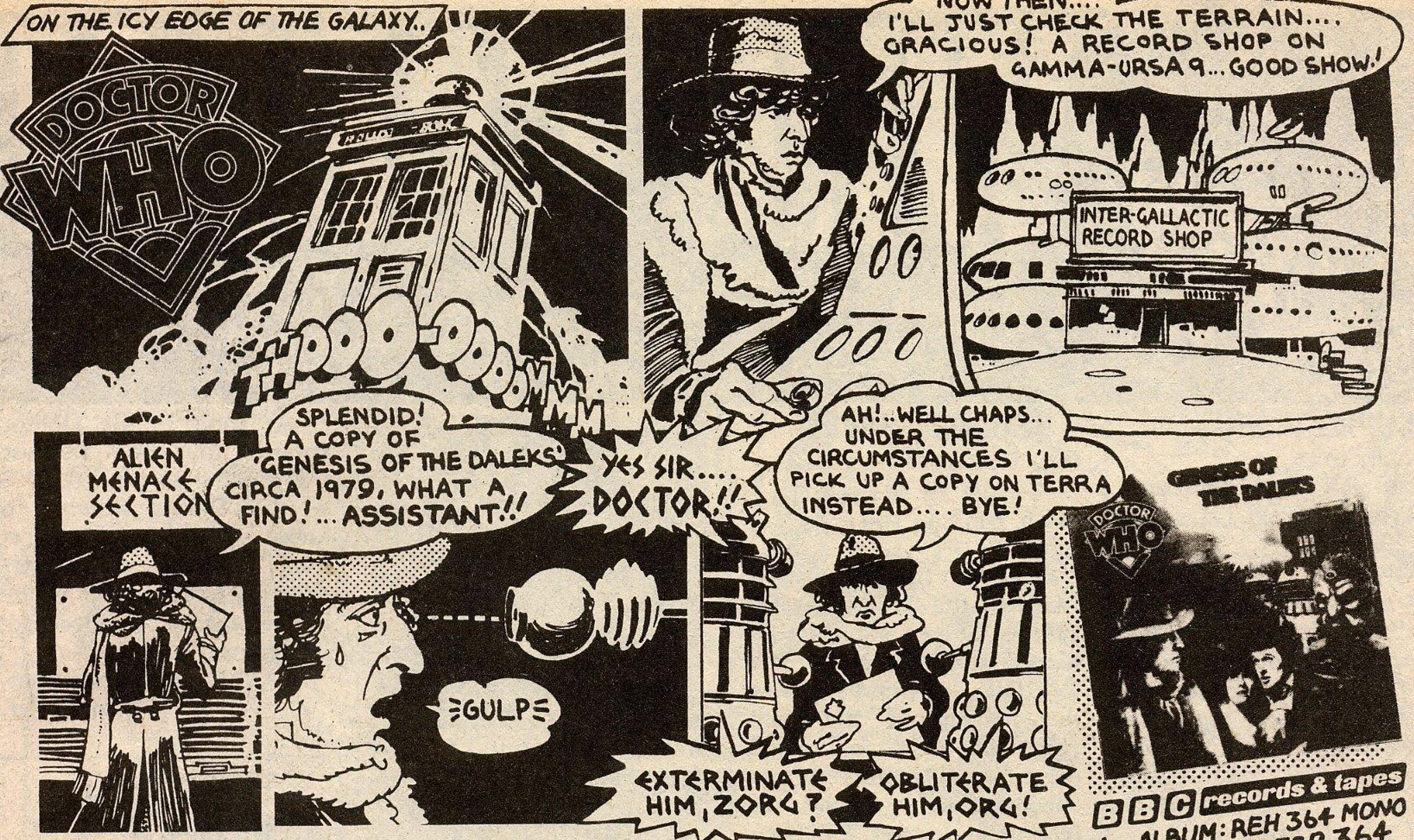
"For someone only practicing, Master, he was exceptionally good at it," came the reply. "That does it," snapped the Doctor, "those humour banks will have to come out!"

"Illogical to infer blame is mine," retorted the dog. "Standard of humour depends entirely upon programming.

"I think what he's trying to say," added Sharon, "is that they can't all be gems."

As if in agreement, the Doctor's screwdriver had already begun to loosen the dog's service access panel . . . "Hold still, there's a good chap," reassured the Doctor. "This won't hurt a bit!"

NEXT WEEK:
THE DOCTOR VISITS A REMOTE CORNER OF THE GALAXY AND ENCOUNTERS A HIDEOUS MIND PARASITE!


ON THE ICY EDGE OF THE GALAXY..
DOCTOR WHO
THOOO-OOOOMMM
NOW THEN.... I'LL JUST CHECK THE TERRAIN.... GRACIOUS! A RECORD SHOP ON GAMMA-URSA 9... GOOD SHOW.!
INTER-GALLACTIC RECORD SHOP
ALIEN MENACE SECTION
SPLENDID! A COPY OF 'GENESIS OF THE DALEKS' CIRCA 1979, WHAT A FIND!... ASSISTANT!!
GULP
YES SIR..... DOCTOR!!
AH!..WELL CHAPS.. UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES I'LL PICK UP A COPY ON TERRA INSTEAD.... BYE!
EXTERMINATE HIM, ZORG?
OBLITERATE HIM, ORG!
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WHO CARES!

Welcome to our exciting new-look letters page. Every week we receive thousands of your letters, but we'd like even more! Not only letters but photographs, drawings and stories. In fact, anything you think might be of interest to other Dr Who Weekly readers!

SUPPORT UNIT

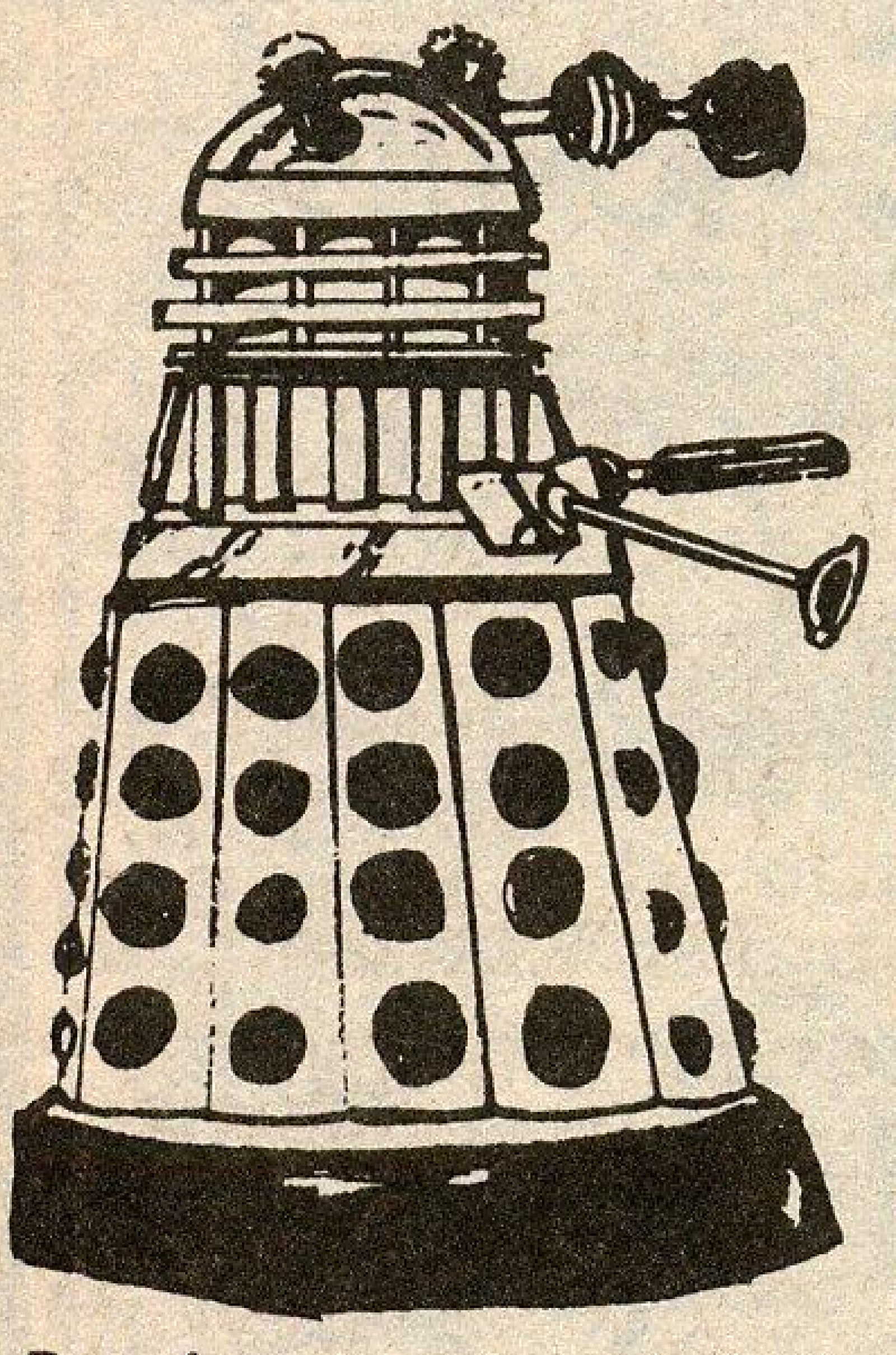
Dear Doctor,

I'm glad to see that you featured UNIT in issues 22 and 23.

Why not run a comic strip featuring Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart and his team? You could call it "The Untold Tales of UNIT", and have the task-force battling alien menaces *without* your aid. I hope you will consider this idea, as it could prove to be an exciting strip.

Tim Rogerson,
Didcot.

Nice idea, Tim, what do other readers think?



Drawing by David Green from Romford.

SOUND TRAVEL

Dear Doctor,

Beware of a rogue bedroom running riot in space and time.

This first happened when I bought the **Dr Who Sound Effects** LP. As soon as the record started playing 'the TARDIS in flight', I was thrown against the wall when my bedroom lurched off, (all this time I was chewing jelly babies as recommended on the back of the LP cover).

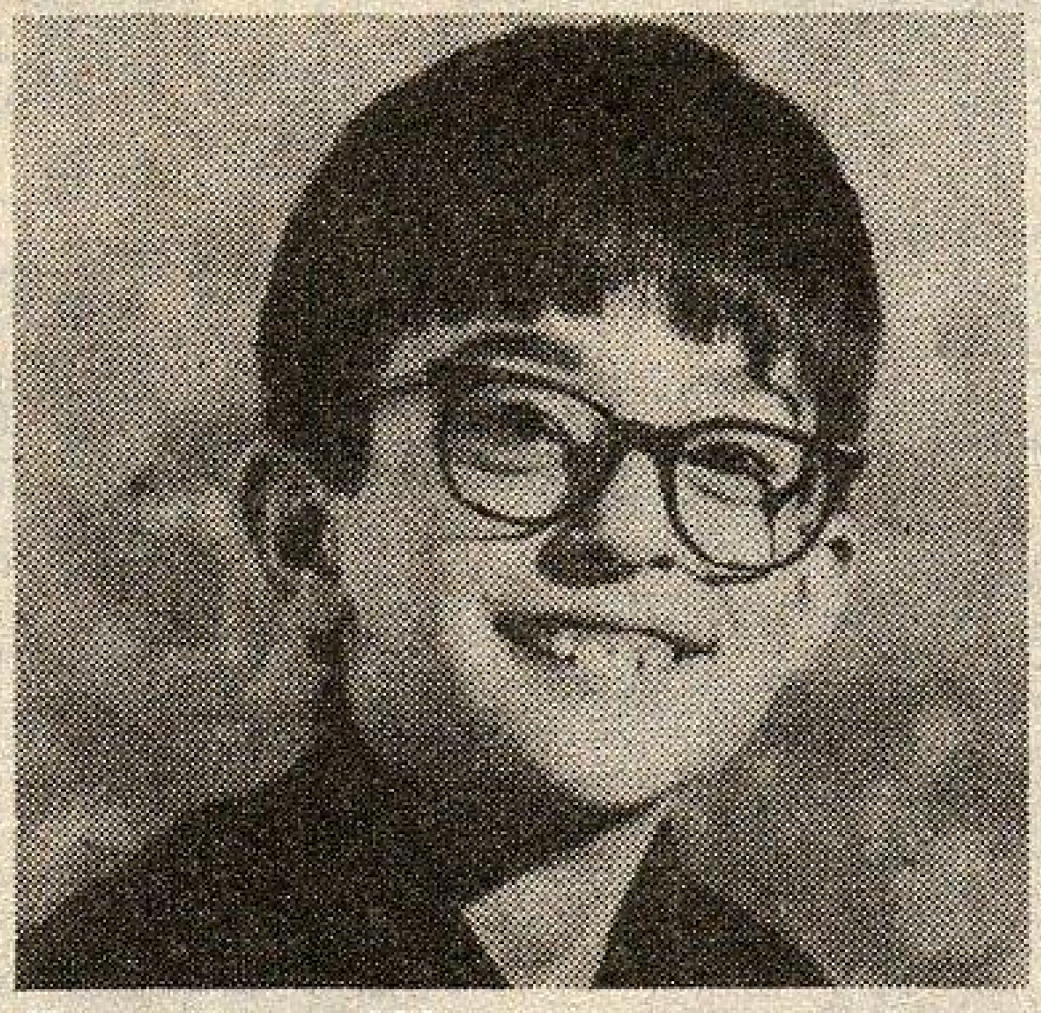
So far on my adventures I have collided with three cybermen spaceships, and one Dalek battle cruiser. I cannot stop my bedroom because there is a scratch on the record and it won't stop.

So, as a learner appealing to a master time traveller, HELP *please!*

Andrew Jones,
Wrexham.

I'd like to help you Andrew, old chap, but with the randomiser in my TARDIS I find it difficult to go to any specific place nowadays!

Mind you, I'm sure that the Gallifreyan Temporal Corps (time police, that is) will help out, and if not, just try and materialize in the shop where you bought the record and get them to replace it!



Reader Timothy Morgan from Hull.

SHORT STORY

The Doctor had been stranded on the planet for too long — the Dalek's were almost upon him, but he had a few tricks up his sleeve!

He walked swiftly though the control room, the Daleks hadn't caught him yet — but they had him trapped in the giant complex. The Doctor moved on through the maze or corridors. He didn't have much time, but he knew he could make things work.

He turned the corner and walked straight into a Dalek coming in the other direction. With lightening fast reflexes the Doctor dodged past the Dalek and ran on until he came to a door.

The Doctor went through the door just as a large crowd of Daleks came upon him.

As soon as the Doctor entered the room he was transported to his TARDIS — the Daleks weren't so lucky — the Doctor had set the matter transporter controls to take them to the jungle regions of the desolate planet!

Reader: Chris Lees,
Manchester.

TARDIS CAKE

Dear Doctor,

I'm sending you this photograph of me taken of me on my eleventh birthday. My Gran got me a special birthday cake in the shape of your TARDIS.

I was sorry that I had to end up cutting it, as it was made of sponge and cream layers — it would not have kept for too long!

I hope you like the photograph.

Ian Cook,
Dundee.

While writing to us, why not list your two favourite and least favourite features and picture strips in **Dr Who Weekly** and send them to us with your letter to:

WHO CARES,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205/211 Kentish Town
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Favourite . . . .
Favourite . . . .
Least favourite . . . .
. . . .
Ideas for future issues . .
. . . .

Dear Mr Newsagent,
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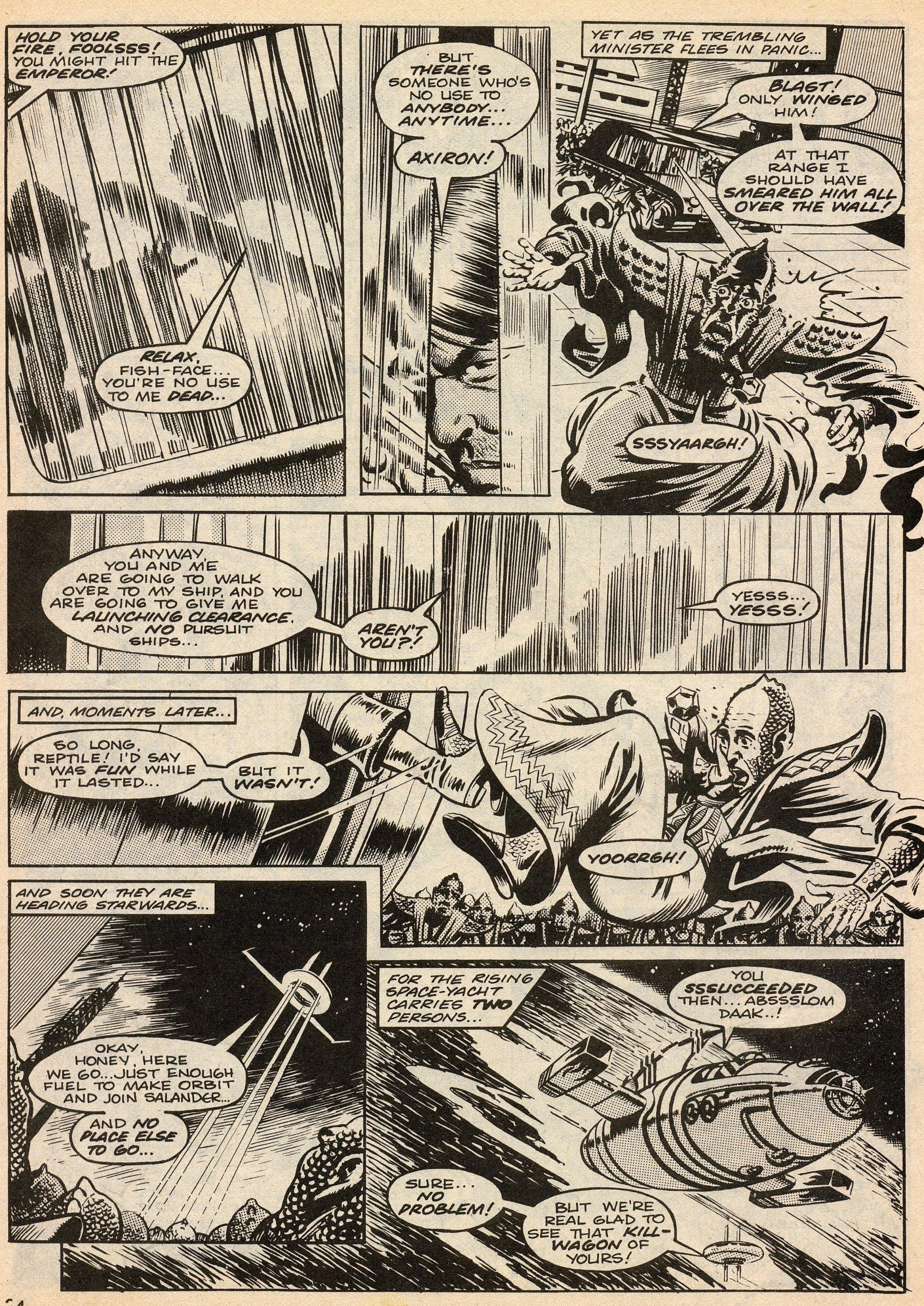
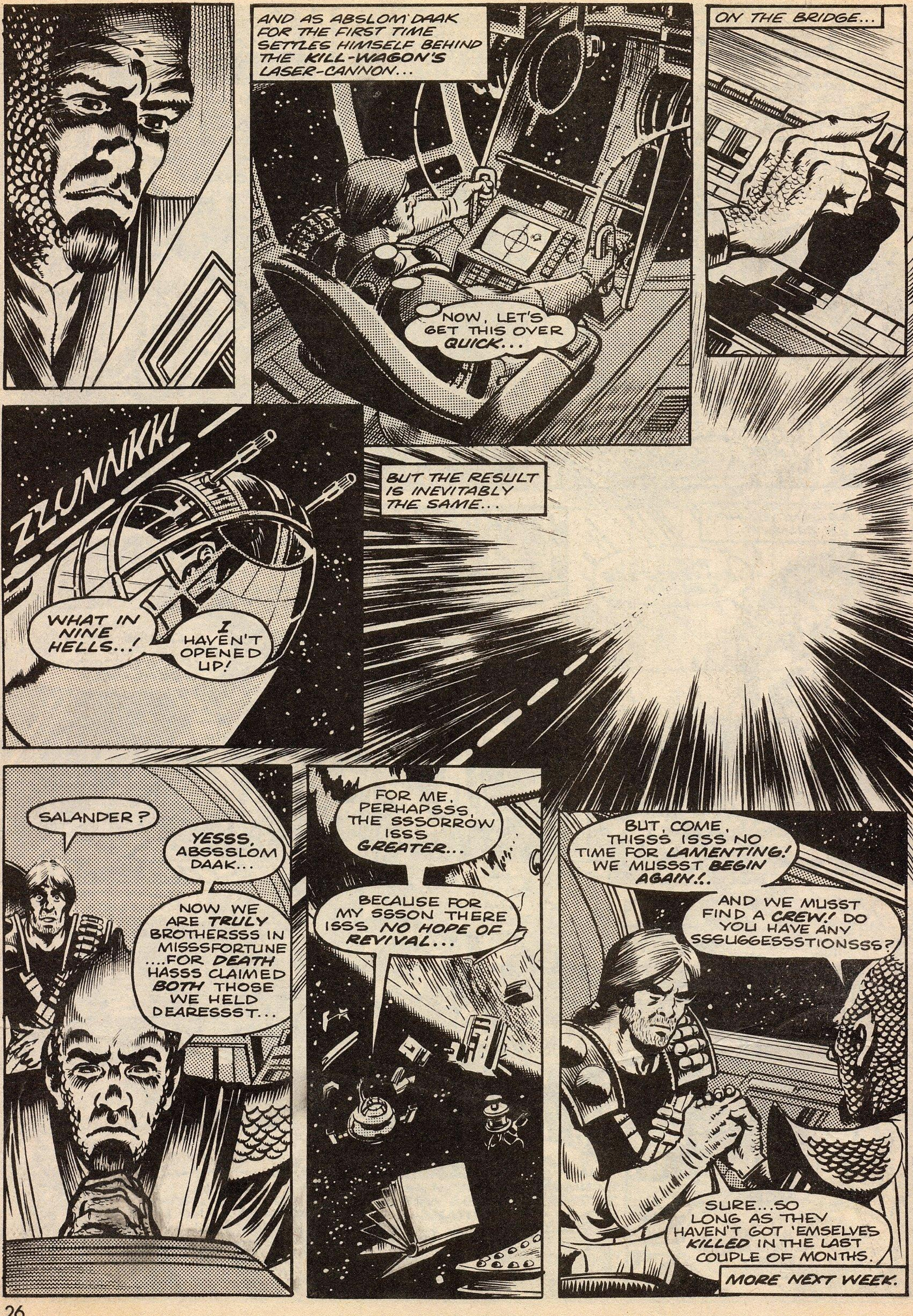
STAR TIGERS

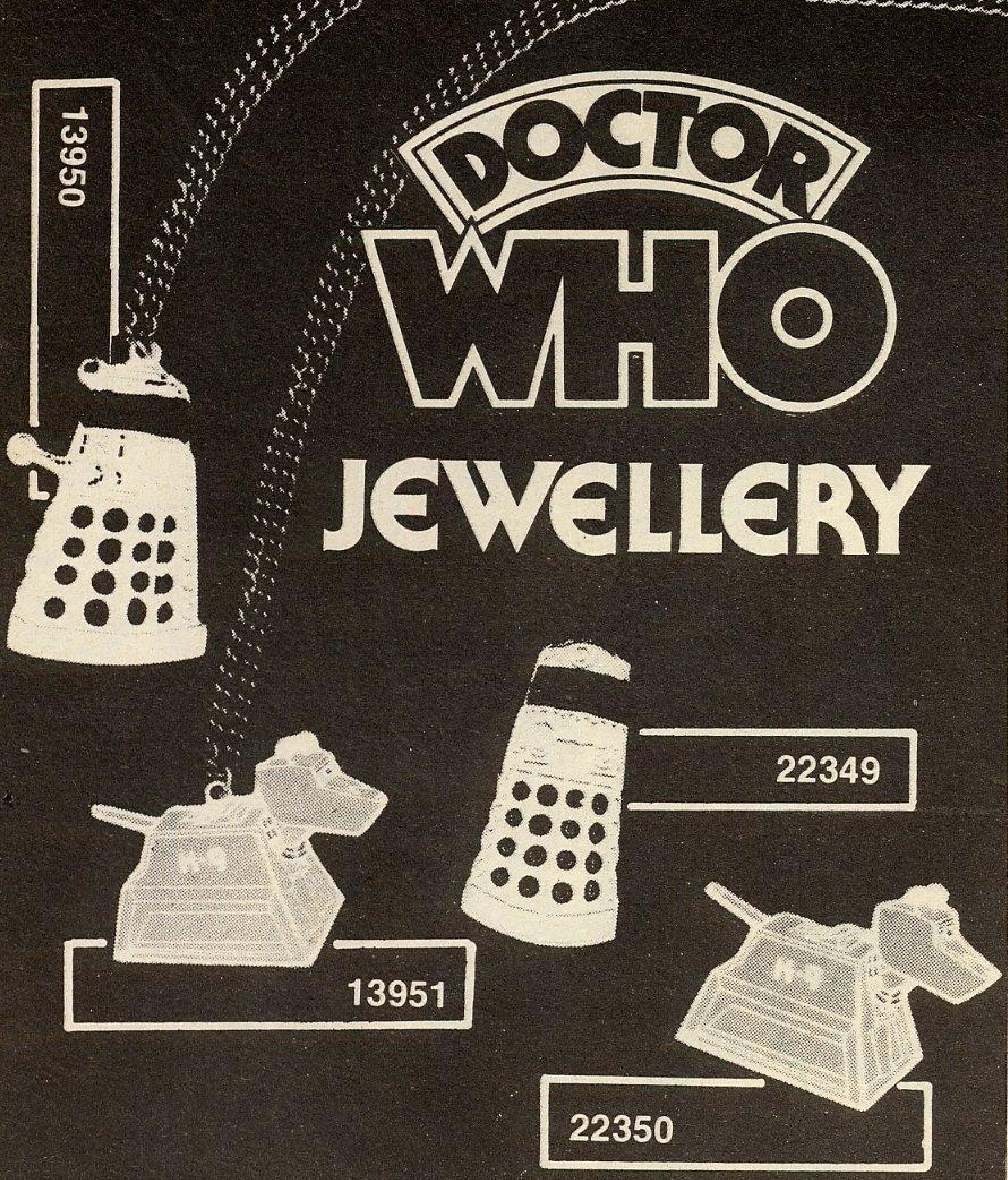
THE 26th. CENTURY: THE **DRACONIAN EMPIRE** STANDS ALOOF FROM THE CONFLICT BETWEEN **EARTH** AND THE **DALEKS**. BUT **ABSLOM DAAK**, DALEK-KILLER, HAS ARRIVED ON DRACONIA, IN THE MIDST OF A POLITICAL WRANGLE WHICH HAS ENMESHED HIS FATE WITH **PRINCE SALANDER**...
WHO, DETAINED ON HIS ESTATE, IS ABOUT TO ABSCOND IN A PROTOTYPE SHIP...
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE LEFT A STATEMENT CLEARING MY SUBORDINATES AND GIVING MY **REASONS** FOR LEAVING...
BUT I DOUBT IT WOULD EVER REACH THE **EMPEROR'S** EAR...
SO FAREWELL TO DRACONIA, AND THE EMPTY JOYS OF **POSITION** AND **POWER**...
AND DAAK AND I WILL WRITE OUR BITTER TALE ACROSS THE STARS...
MOORE + LLOYD
BUT DAAK, CARVING HIS WAY INTO THE SPACE-PORT, FINDS THE EMPEROR ON AN INSPECTION TOUR...
DAMN! WHAT'RE HE AND HIS TOADIES DOING AT **MY** SHIP..?
STRAIGHT CHOICE: EITHER I GIVE UP THE RENDEZVOUS WITH SALANDER... OR I **TURN HIM OUT!**
AND I NEVER WAS MUCH FOR **SUBTLETY**...
ASSSSASSSSIN!!
AAARGH!!
IT'SSS THE **EARTHMAN!**
OVER HERE! PROTECT THE EMPEROR!
HELL! **MORE** OF THEM! IT'S GETTING TOO **HOT** IN THE OPEN...
SSSTOP HIM!
SO IT LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY **SAFE** PLACE AROUND HERE...
...IS **HERE!**


HOLD YOUR FIRE, FOOLSSS! YOU MIGHT HIT THE EMPEROR!
RELAX, FISH-FACE... YOU'RE NO USE TO ME DEAD...
BUT THERE'S SOMEONE WHO'S NO USE TO ANYBODY... ANYTIME...
AXIRON!
YET AS THE TREMBLING MINISTER FLEES IN PANIC...
BLAST! ONLY WINGED HIM!
AT THAT RANGE I SHOULD HAVE SMEARED HIM ALL OVER THE WALL!
SSSYAARGH!
ANYWAY, YOU AND ME ARE GOING TO WALK OVER TO MY SHIP, AND YOU ARE GOING TO GIVE ME LAUNCHING CLEARANCE, AND NO PURSUIT SHIPS...
AREN'T YOU?!
YESSS... YESSS!
AND, MOMENTS LATER...
SO LONG, REPTILE! I'D SAY IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED...
BUT IT WASN'T!
YOORRGH!
AND SOON THEY ARE HEADING STARWARDS...
OKAY, HONEY, HERE WE GO... JUST ENOUGH FUEL TO MAKE ORBIT AND JOIN SALANDER...
AND NO PLACE ELSE TO GO...
FOR THE RISING SPACE-YACHT CARRIES TWO PERSONS...
YOU SSSUCCEEDED THEN... ABSSSLOM DAAK..!
SURE... NO PROBLEM!
BUT WE'RE REAL GLAD TO SEE THAT KILL-WAGON OF YOURS!

ONE ALIVE... ONE DEAD...
CAREFUL WITH THE CRYOGENIC UNIT, DRAGON!
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO TAIYIN, I'M LIKELY TO ANNUL YOUR HALF OF THE PARTNERSHIP BEFORE WE EVEN GET STARTED!
BUT THERE ARE NO MORE MISHAPS FOR DAAK'S ERSTWHILE COMPANION FROM THE PLANET MAZAM...
RIGHT, SALANDER... SHE'S STOWED, TAKE US OUT OF HERE...
AND AS THE MAIN ENGINES SNARL INTO LIFE, DAAK REJOINS SALANDER ON THE BRIDGE...
OH, BY THE WAY I BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED...
CATCH!
AND SALANDER HAS FINALLY CAUGHT...
THE EMPEROR'SSS EAR?!?
BUT BEFORE SALANDER CAN SAY A FURTHER WORD...
TROUBLE! WE'VE GOT A SHIP HEADING IN ON AN INTERCEPT COURSE!
GET USSS A CLOSE-UP! I'LL TRY TO PICK UP IT'SSS IDENTIFICATION SSIGNAL!
NO!! THISSS MUSSST BE AXIRON'SSS DOING!
THAT'SSS MY SSSON'SSS SHIP!
YEAH, IT'S GOT TO BE AXIRON ...ONLY HE'D COME UP WITH A MEAN TRICK LIKE THAT..!
SETTING SON AGAINST FATHER...
NO! I HAVE ALREADY DISSSOWNED MY SSSON! THE CRAVEN ANIMAL WHO COMMANDSSS THAT SHIP ISSS NOT OF MY FAMILY!
AND THERE ISSS NO CHOICE... IT'SSS THEM OR USSS..!
HE MUSSST BE... DESSSTROYED!
BUT I'M NOT LETTING AXIRON MAKE YOU DO THAT, SALANDER! YOU JUST FLY US THROUGH THIS...
AND I'LL TAKE THE FRONT TURRET... AND DO IT FOR YOU...


AND AS ABSLOM DAAK FOR THE FIRST TIME SETTLES HIMSELF BEHIND THE KILL-WAGON'S LASER-CANNON...
NOW, LET'S GET THIS OVER QUICK...
ON THE BRIDGE...
ZZUNNKK!
WHAT IN NINE HELLS...!
I HAVEN'T OPENED UP!
BUT THE RESULT IS INEVITABLY THE SAME...
SALANDER?
YESSS, ABSSSLOM DAAK...
NOW WE ARE TRULY BROTHERSSS IN MISSSFORTUNE ....FOR DEATH HASSS CLAIMED BOTH THOSE WE HELD DEARESSST...
FOR ME, PERHAPSSS, THE SSSORROW ISSS GREATER...
BECAUSE FOR MY SSSON THERE ISSS NO HOPE OF REVIVAL...
BUT, COME, THISSS ISSS NO TIME FOR LAMENTING! WE MUSSST BEGIN AGAIN!.
AND WE MUSST FIND A CREW! DO YOU HAVE ANY SSSUGGESSSTIONSSS?
SURE...SO LONG AS THEY HAVEN'T GOT 'EMSELVES KILLED IN THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS.
MORE NEXT WEEK.

DOCTOR WHO JEWELLERY



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DAP

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TERRANCE DICKS

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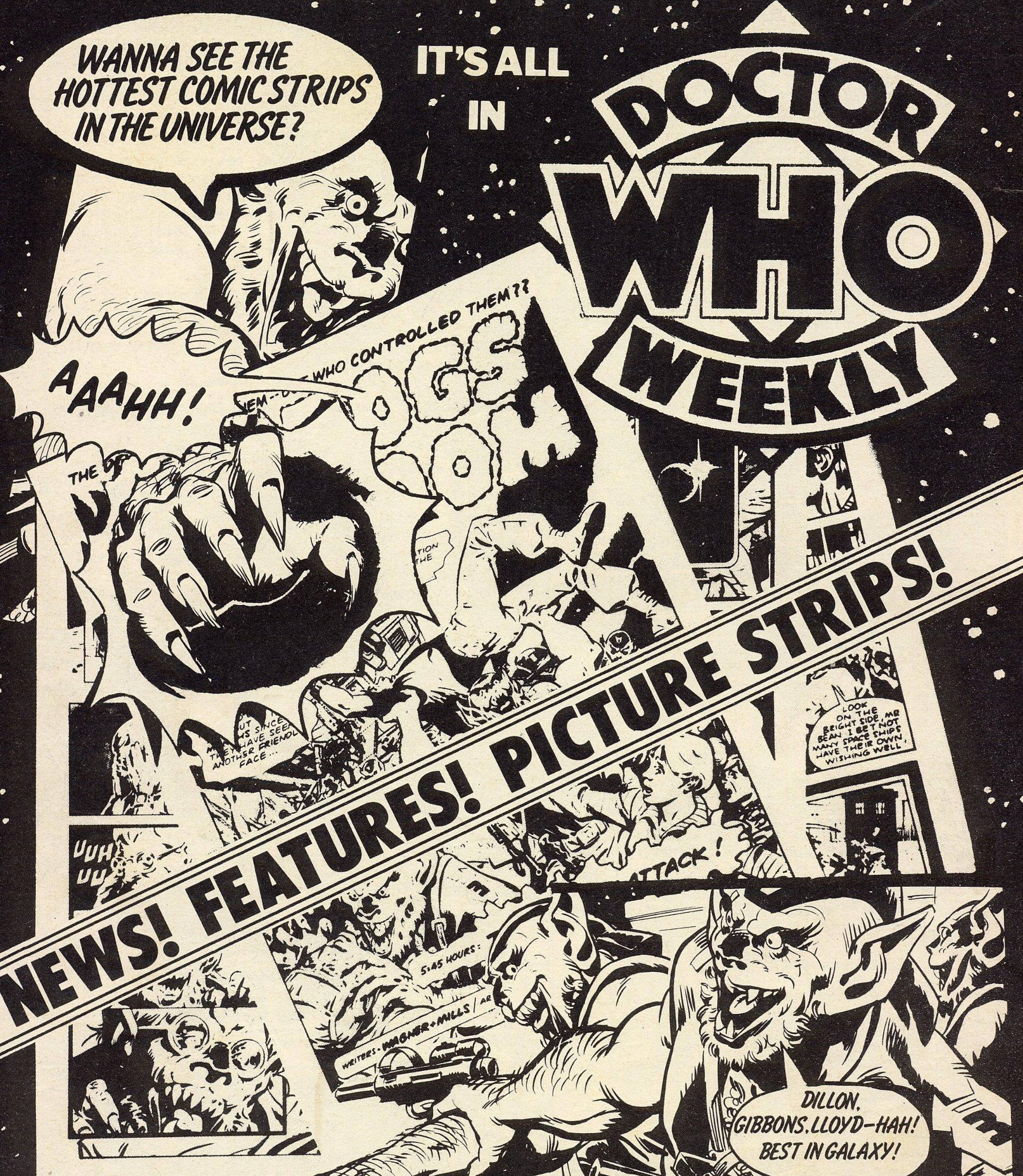
WANNA SEE THE HOTTEST COMIC STRIPS IN THE UNIVERSE?
IT'S ALL IN
DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY
AAAHH!
WHO CONTROLLED THEM??
NEWS! FEATURES! PICTURE STRIPS!
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, MR BEAN! I BET NOT MANY SPACE SHIPS HAVE THEIR OWN WISHING WELL
ATTACK!
5:45 HOURS:
WRITERS: WAGNER+MILLS
DILLON, GIBBONS, LLOYD—HAH! BEST IN GALAXY!

EARTH'S ENTRY IN THE ALL-SPACE COMIC FESTIVAL!

ON SALE NOW THROUGHOUT THE SOLAR SYSTEM!